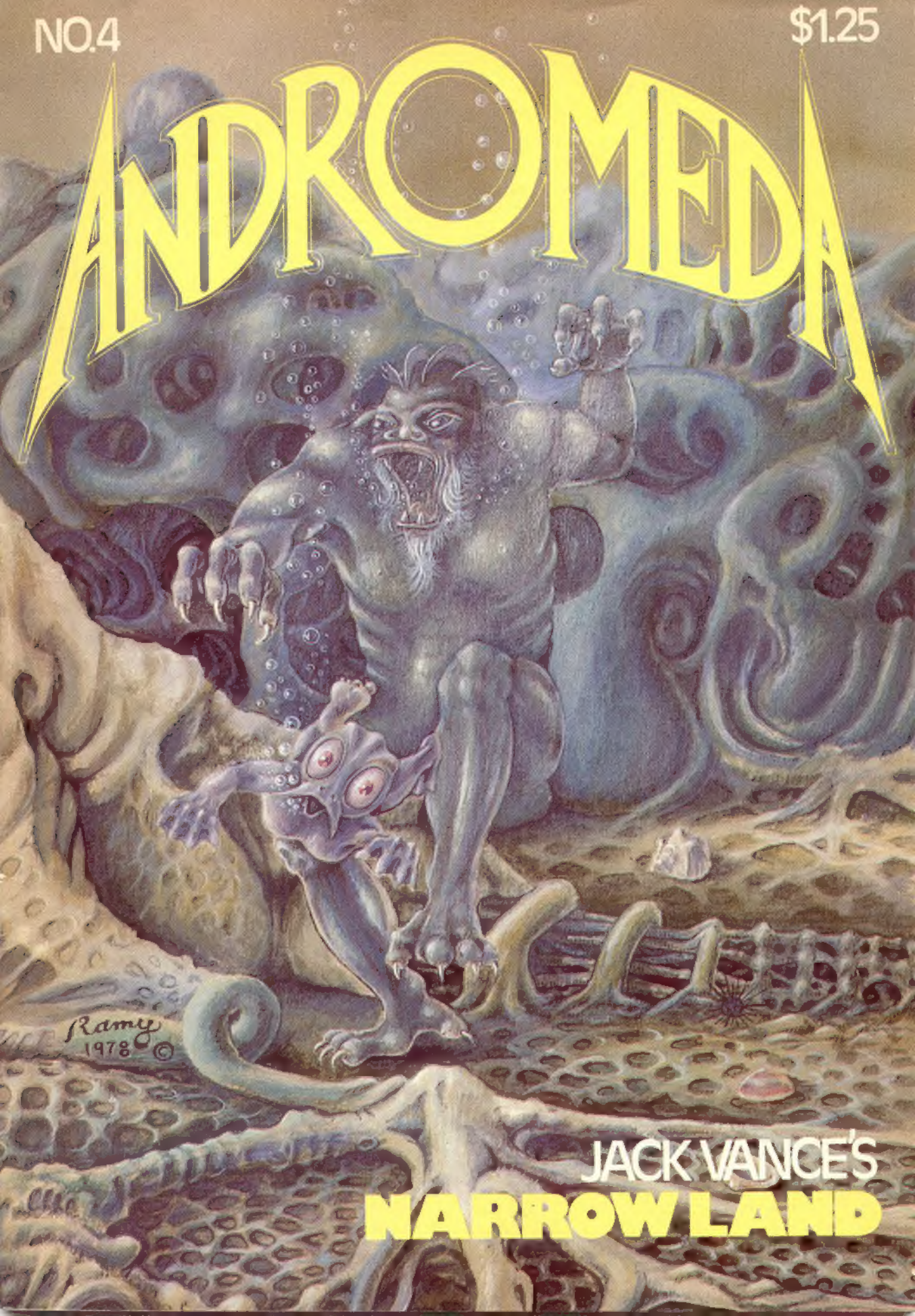


NO.4

\$1.25

ANDROMEDA



Ramy
1978 ©

JACK VANCE'S
NARROW LAND



The way I see it, there are three distinct types of gray matter at hand. The first, I think, is our old friend Mr. Brain. Granted, he doesn't get much use in this industry, but I'm sure he appreciates the concern we attempt to give him here at *Andromeda*. Actually, he is quite easy to operate. You can even do it while you're reading this magazine.

The second type of gray matter will probably stain your fingers if you flip through this issue too hastily. It's only printer's ink, though, and can be easily removed with a little soap and water. Our illustrators go to considerable lengths to achieve these tones: diluted ink and watercolour mixtures, pantone markers 400 through 447, letratone LT1 to LT204, etc. So don't smudge the pages—somebody else might want to buy this copy.

The third type of gray matter is a generic reference. It deals with the distinctions between "hard core" science fiction and comic book material, between morality and philosophy, between art and entertainment. It is not as accessible as the first type of gray matter, and not as tangible as the second. Appropriately, though, it is altogether the most difficult to make decisions on. We try to keep things correctly proportioned, however; and if your response is any indication, we're doing just fine.

NARROWLAND by Jack Vance, adapted by b. p. nichol, illustrated by Tom Nesbitt 2
Tom Nesbitt enjoys using the second type of gray matter almost to the extent that Mister Vance enjoys using the first. And, as this story is in a somewhat different vein for *Andromeda*, we are pleased to run it as the third.

FOR TOMORROW WE DIE, written and illustrated by Brian Lee & Marc Griffiths 34
Brian and Marc are yet two more students of

Sheridan College's comic book production course. They present us with this archetypal tale of heroics, nobility and tragedy.

SPACE STUFF by Tom Nesbitt 43
Yeah, I know. Tom has been in this issue once already. Okay. But there's six pages of very enjoyable material here, and I think it's worth reading, you know? So does Tom.

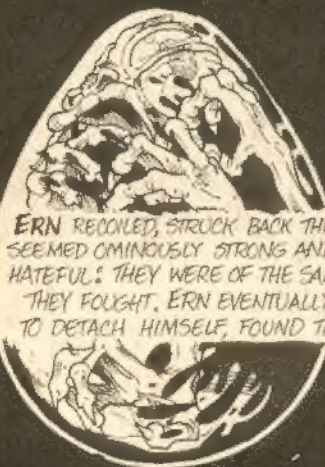
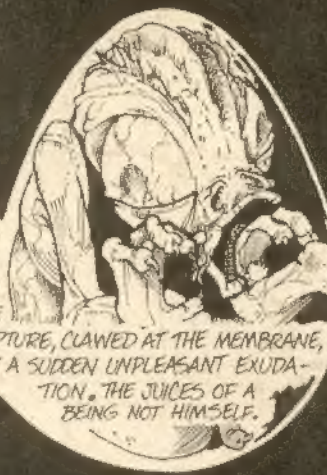
Dean Motter

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 4 December 1976. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics, Ltd., 321 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter and Ron Van Leeuwen, associate editors. Cover © 1976 Ramy Bar-Elan. Frontispiece © 1978 Robert MacIntyre. *Narrowland* © 1978 Jack Vance, reprinted by permission of the author and the author's agents, Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc., 845 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Illustration © 1978 Tom Nesbitt. *For Tomorrow We Die* © 1978 Brian Lee & Marc Griffiths. *Space Stuff* © 1978 Tom Nesbitt. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Founding publisher: Bill Paul. Distributed by Firefly Books, 2 Essex Avenue, Unit 5, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada. Printed in Canada.

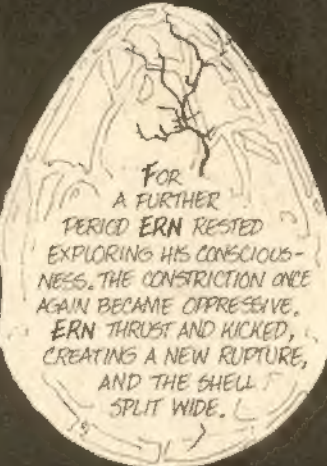
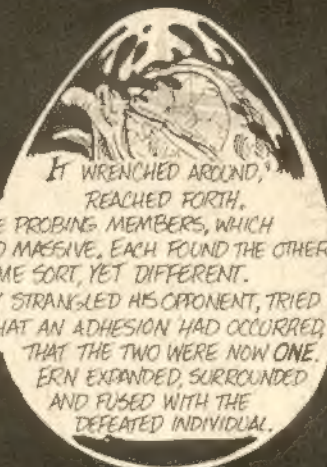
Cover by Ramy Bar-Elan Frontispiece by Robert MacIntyre Contents Page by Paul Rivoche



A PAIR OF NERVES JOINED ACROSS THE TOP OF ERN'S BRAIN; HE BECAME CONSCIOUS, AWARE OF DARKNESS AND CONSTRICTION. THE SENSATION WAS UNCOMFORTABLE. HE TENSED HIS MEMBERS, THRUST AT THE SHELL, MEETING RESISTANCE IN ALL DIRECTIONS EXCEPT ONE. HE KICKED, BUTTED, CREATED A RUPTURE, CLAWED AT THE MEMBRANE, TORE IT BACK AND WAS MET BY A SUDDEN UNPLEASANT EXUDATION. THE JUICES OF A BEING NOT HIMSELF.



ERN RECOILED, STRUCK BACK THE PROBING MEMBERS, WHICH SEEMED OMINOUSLY STRONG AND MASSIVE. EACH FOUND THE OTHER HATEFUL: THEY WERE OF THE SAME SORT, YET DIFFERENT. THEY FOUGHT. ERN EVENTUALLY STRANGLED HIS OPPONENT, TRIED TO DETACH HIMSELF, FOUND THAT AN ADHESION HAD OCCURRED, THAT THE TWO WERE NOW ONE. ERN EXPANDED, SURROUNDED AND FUSED WITH THE DEFEATED INDIVIDUAL.



FOR A FURTHER PERIOD ERN RESTED EXPLORING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS. THE CONSTRICTION ONCE AGAIN BECAME OPPRESSIVE. ERN THRUST AND KICKED, CREATING A NEW RUPTURE, AND THE SHELL SPLIT WIDE.



THE NARROW LAND



KRAA!

KRAA!

AN ORIGINAL STORY
by JACK VANCE
ADAPTED by
B.P. NICHOL

ART AND
LETTERING
by Tom
KESBRI



SO ERN ENTERED HIS CHILDHOOD,
AND GRADUALLY BECAME WISE IN
THE WAYS OF THE WATERWORLD.



MOST DREADFUL OF ALL
WAS THE OGRE. ON ONE
OCCASION ERN NEARLY
BECAME ONE OF ITS
VICTIMS...



THE OGRE PURSUED
MAKING IDIOTIC SOUNDS.



THEN SEIZING
ONE OF ERN'S
PLAYFELLOWS...



...HE SETTLED TO
THE BOTTOM TO MUNCH
ON HIS CAPTIVE.



AFTER ERN GREW LARGE ENOUGH
HE SPENT MUCH OF HIS TIME ON
THE SURFACE THOUGH HE UNDER-
STOOD NOTHING OF WHAT HE SAW.



THE SKY A DULL GRAY FOG, SOME-
WHAT BRIGHTER OUT OVER THE
SEA, WAS CHANGELESS EXCEPT
FOR AN OCCASIONAL WIND-
WHIPPED CLOUD OR A TRAIL OF
RAIN. CLOSE AT HAND WAS THE
SWAMP, SLOUGHS, LOW-LYING ISLANDS
OVERGROWN WITH PALID REEDS,
COMPLICATED BLACK SHRUBS OF THE
UTMOST FRAGILITY, AND A FEW SPINDLY
TENDRONS. BEYOND HUNG A WALL OF
BLACK MURK. ON THE SEAWARD SIDE
THE HORIZON WAS OBSCURED BY A
LIGHTNING SHATTERED WALL OF
CLOUD AND RAIN. THE WALL OF
MURK AND THE WALL OF STORM
RAN PARALLEL, DELINEATING THE
BORDERS OF THE
REGION BETWEEN...

THE LARGER OF THE WATER CHILDREN TENDED TO CONGREGATE AT THE SURFACE. THERE WERE TWO SORTS: THE SLENDER SINGLECRESTS, WHO WERE SOMEWHAT MERCURIAL IN TEMPERAMENT—



—AND THE MORE MASSIVE AND SEDATE DOUBLECRESTS, WHO WERE IN A MINORITY AMONG THE WATER CHILDREN.



THOUGH HIS CREST DEVELOPMENT WAS NOT YET CERTAIN, ERN IDENTIFIED HIMSELF WITH THE LATTER GROUP.

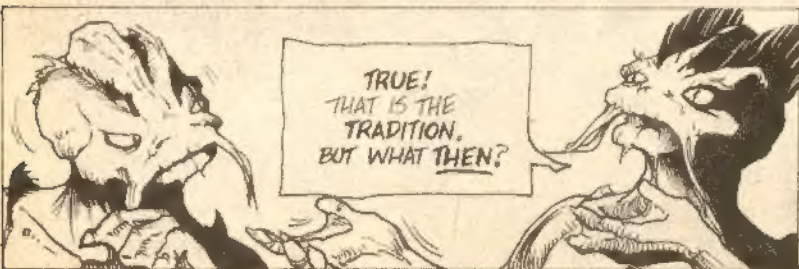
IN DUE COURSE ERN LEARNED LANGUAGE, AND THEREAFTER, IDLED AWAY LONG PERIODS DISCUSSING THE EVENTS OF THE SEA SHALLOWS.



BY VIRTUE OF TRADITION TRANSMITTED ALONG WITH THE LANGUAGE, THEY KNEW THEIR DESTINY LAY AMONG THE 'MEN'.



WE ARE ALL GOING TO BECOME MEN AND WALK THE DRY LAND!



TRUE! THAT IS THE TRADITION. BUT WHAT THEN?





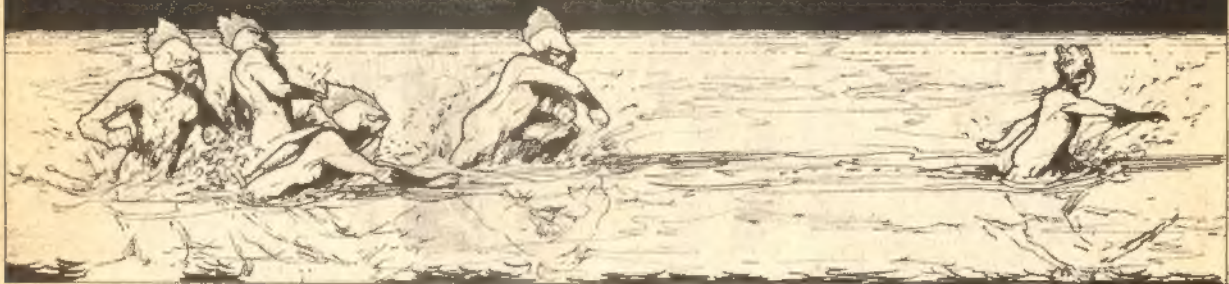
AND THEN ONE
DAY, ERN SAW
MEN CLOSE AT
HAND...



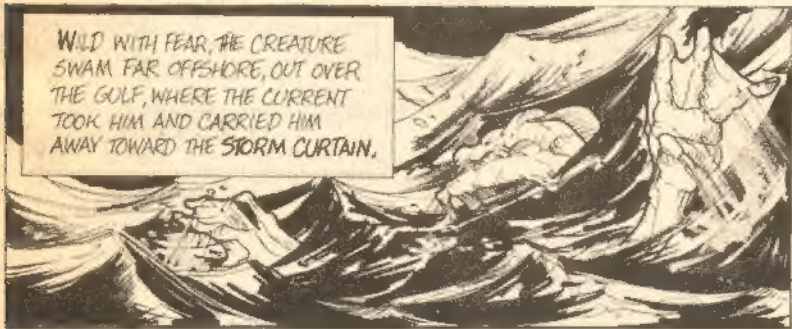
LOOK!



ERN WATCHED AS THE MEN CHASED THE HAPLESS WATER CHILD OUT TOWARDS THE WALL OF MURK.



WILD WITH FEAR, THE CREATURE
SWAM FAR OFFSHORE, OUT OVER
THE GULF, WHERE THE CURRENT
TOOK HIM AND CARRIED HIM
AWAY TOWARD THE STORM CURTAIN.



HOW COULD BEINGS
SO MAGNIFICENT
HOUND ONE OF US
TO HIS DOOM?

... AND UPON ATTEMPT-
ING HIS FIRST CLUMSY STEPS
ON DRY LAND --

HEY!

ERN WATCHED INTENTLY AS
THE MEN WALKED ASHORE...

ERN'S LEGS CARRIED HIM
IN WOBBLING LEAPS...

I AM NOT A MAN!
THEY ARE NOT
MY SORT!

... TO THE SAFETY OF THE WATER.

PERPLEXED ERN RETURNED
TO THE SHALLOWS. BUT
NOTHING WAS AS BEFORE...

THE SHORELINE BECAME A PREOCCUPATION.
IT WAS NOW CLEAR TO ERN IF HE EVER
WISHED TO GO ASHORE HE MUST LEARN
TO WALK.

...THE INNOCENCE OF THE EASY
OLD LIFE HAD DEPARTED. SINGLE
AND DOUBLE CRESTED WATER
CHILDREN NO LONGER ASSOCIATED
WITH ONE ANOTHER.

ONE DAY I SWAM ALONG THE COAST
FARTHER THAN HE HAD EVER
VENTURED BEFORE...

THE STORM WALL WAS CHANCELESS,
AND THE WALL OF MURK WAS THE
SAME THE NARROW LAND
EXTENDED ENDLESSLY ONWARD...

ERN DECIDED TO GO NO
FURTHER AND RETURNED
THE WAY HE HAD CAME...

ONE DAY DURING ONE OF HIS
VISITS WHERE HE CAME FROM
A MOST UNUSUAL SIGHT...

WHEN THE WOMAN DEPART-
ED, ERN WENT TO EXAM-
INE THE EGG.



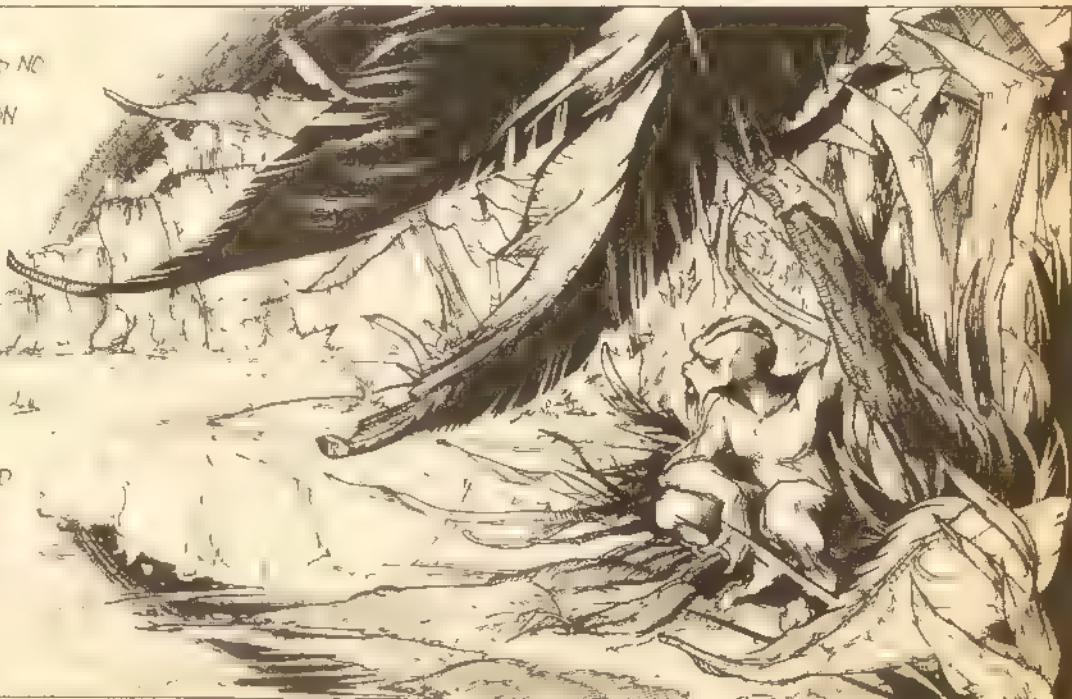
& THIS IS OUR CRON!
I EMER-ED
FROM JUST SUCH AN
EGG!

THE
TAX-SET.
ERN BECAME
TRY TO
FEEL, EVEN-ED
ONCE
MORE.

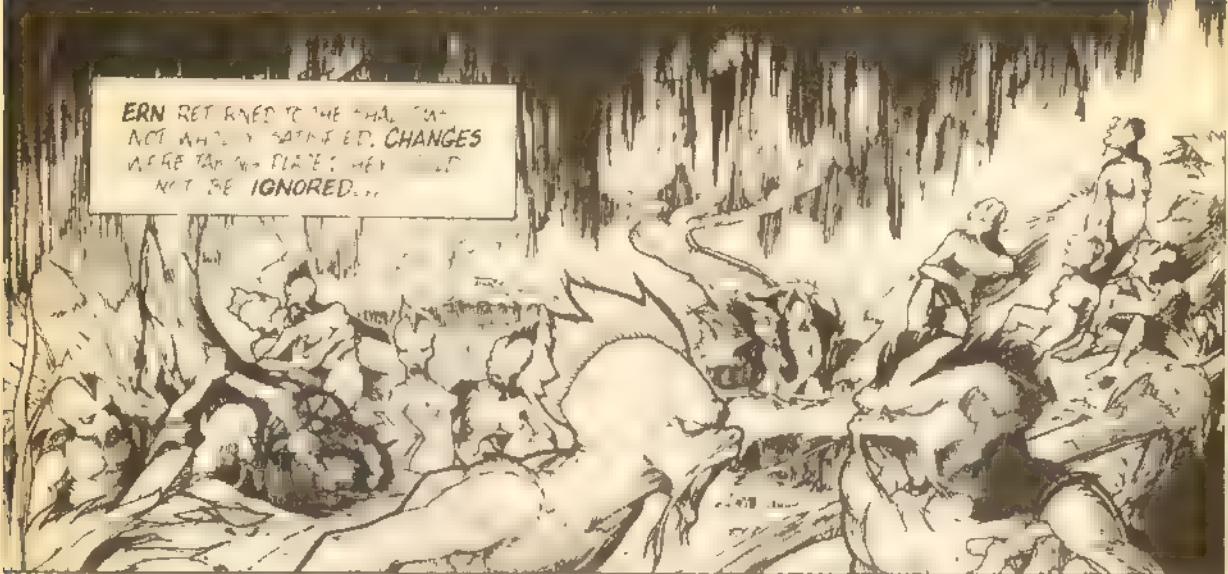


THERE WAS NO
APPARENT
TERMINATION
TO THE
NARROW
LAND;

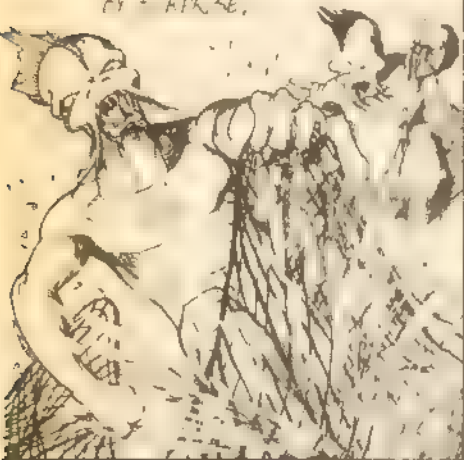
IT APPEARED
TO REACH
FOREVER
BETWEEN
THE WALLS OF
STORM
AND
GLOOM.



ERN RETURNED TO THE THALOM-
ACT WHO HAD SAID: CHANGES
WERE TAKING PLACE: THEY
NOT BE IGNORED...



BUT IN SPITE OF A GENERAL FEELING OF
MISGIVING THE COMING OF THE
MEN TOOK THE CHILDREN
BY SURPRISE.



IT WAS A GROUP OF
TWO HUNDRED
MEN WHO WERE
TO BE TAKEN TO THE
ISLAND.



...AND HARRAD
OF THE BOW SER
ED AFTER HIM.
THEY MET AND
SWAM IN EXTERMINATED...



W. LE ERN AND A FEW OTHER
CAMPERES FANNING THE FEED
OF THE ISLAND AND UNLEASHED
THEMSELVES.

LEADING THE CHIEF OF THE SLOTH TO THE DRIED MUD OF
 THE BEACH THE MEN FEEL AN UNENDING AND SCORING PAIN.
 THE WEIGHT OF THE BEACH, FINGERLINGS AND SPRATS WERE
 SLOWLY TO FALL TO THE SHALLOW WHILE THE TOWN OF
 THE TO BE CREATED. THE MAN WAS WITH A FEELING OF
 EXHAUSTION. THE FLEET WAS SLOWLY ERN FOLLOWED LOVELY
 AS THE MEN LEAD THE CARAVAN. MEANS AFTER A FEEL
 OF SLOWLY ERN FIND HIMSELF AT THE VILLAGE OF THE MEN...



ON A PLATFORM IN THE CENTRE OF THE VILLAGE
BY THE THE "MURK" WERE
AND NET. GIRLS WERE SENT TO THE

STOOD FOUR MEN AND FOUR WOMEN.
LIFTED TO THE PLATFORM AND TO
THE FAR END OF THE VILLAGE ...

HERE THE GIRLS WERE TAKEN TO THE
TO BE A LITTLE WITH PAINT AND ORNAMENTS
THE "MURK" FOR THE WOMEN AND THEN

THE GIRLS WERE TAKEN TO THE
FROM THE PLATFORM AND
TO A ROOM...

THE GIRLS WERE TAKEN TO THE
MALLETS. THE "MURK" WERE

SUFFERED A PUNCH OF A STONE
POUNDED TO THE WALL OF MURK, AND
LATER BOILED AND EATEN.

OOOOOOOAH!

JUST THEN, ABOVE
ERN'S HEAD -

- SOUNDED THE
MINDLESS HOWL OF
A TINKLE BIRD.

OOOOOOOAH!

HIS POSITION REVEALED TO THE
MEN BY THE SCREE + NO BARD
ERN BEGAN TO RUN...



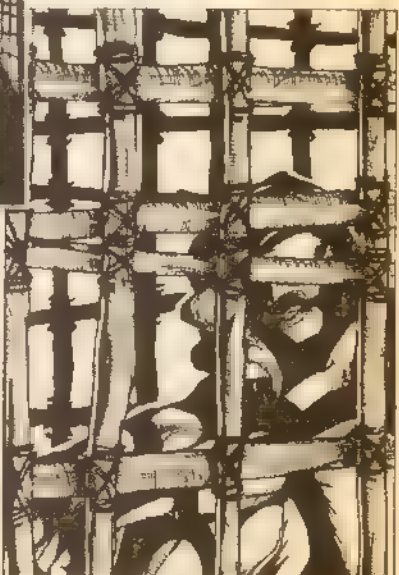
BUT TO NO AVAIL.



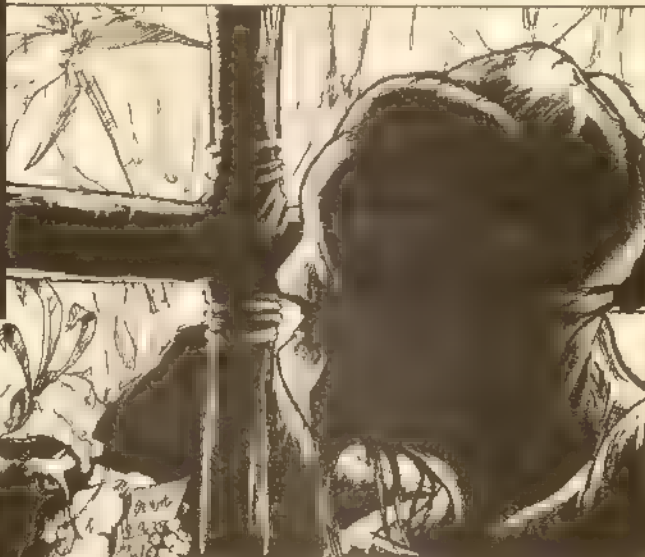
THE FOUR MEN
SURROUNDED ERN
TO MAKE THEIR
EXAMINATION.
AFTER A MUMBLE
OF DISCUSS ON
THE Mallet WAS
BROUGHT FORWARD
AND...



WAIT!



ERN WAS THOROUGHLY CONFUSED. WHY HE WONDERED
HAT HE FIRST BEEN THREATENED WITH A Mallet THEN
WOUNDED WITH A KNIFE? THE SITUATION WAS UNCOMPREHENSIBLE.
TIME PASSED, THE MALE AND FEMALE CHILDREN BE-
CAME MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY AND UNDERWENT
INSTRUCTION. ERN WHO WAS IMPRISONED IN A SMALL
BOOTH, MANAGED TO ESCAPE APTLY ONLY BY ATTENDING
THE INSTRUCTION BEING CONDUCTED IN ADJOINING
BOOTH. HE WAS FEELING ALREADY, AS OCCASION
SEEMED TO WARRANT AND RECEIVED MINIMAL ATTENTION...



UNTIL
ONE
DAY...

JOHN AND ALAN AT HALF TIDE THEY TOOK ERN
THROUGH BLACK BRUSH IN THAT DIRECTION KNOWN
AS 'SEA LEFT'; WHICH WAS TO SAY, WITH THE SEA
ON THE LEFT HAND; THEN, VEERED INLAND, RISING
OVER BARE HUMMOCKS DROPPING INTO DARK SWALES.



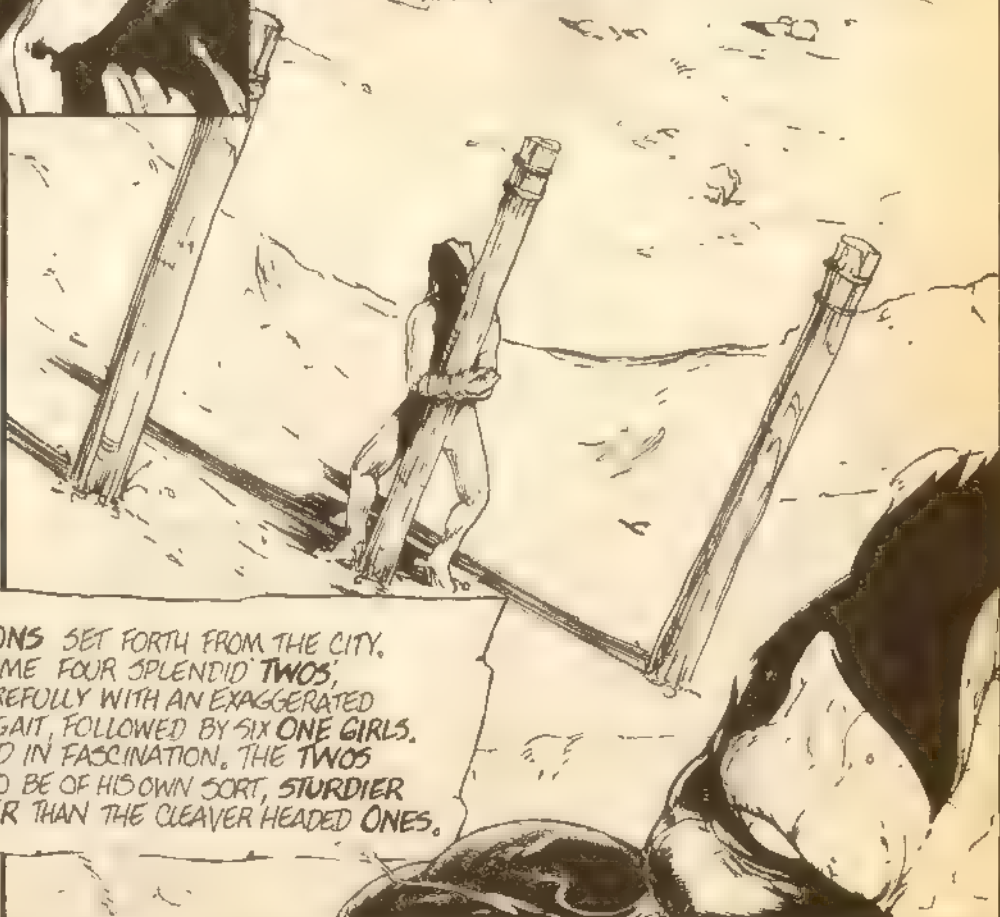
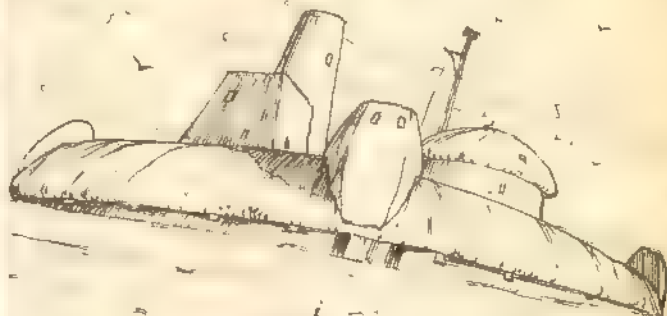
THE MEN OFFERED
NO HINT
OF THE R
INTENTION...



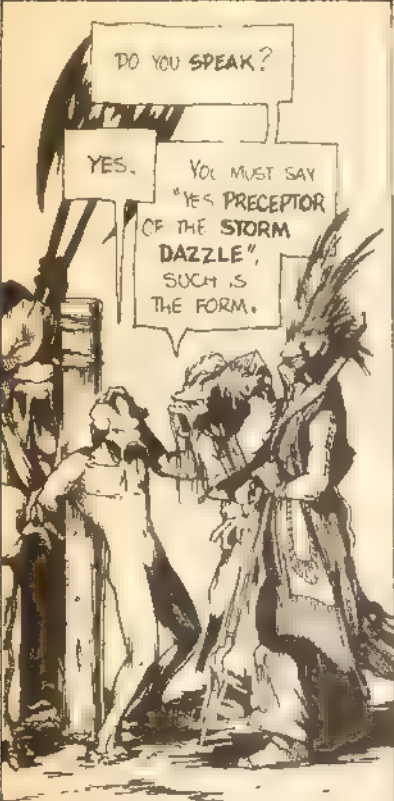
AT THE EDGE OF A MEADOW STOOD A
ROW OF SIX STAKES AND TO THE FIRST
OF THESE THE MEN TERN...

THIS IS THE VILLAGE
OF THE TWOS
FOLKS SUCH AS
YOURSELF...

DO NOT MENTION
THAT WE CUT YOUR
SCALP OR AFFAIRS
WILL GO
BADLY.




TEN PERSONS SET FORTH FROM THE CITY.
IN FRONT CAME FOUR SPLENDID TWOS,
STEPPING CAREFULLY WITH AN EXAGGERATED
STRUTTING GAIT, FOLLOWED BY SIX ONE GIRLS.
ERN STARED IN FASCINATION. THE TWOS
APPEARED TO BE OF HIS OWN SORT, STURDIER
AND HEAVIER THAN THE CLEAVER HEADED ONES.



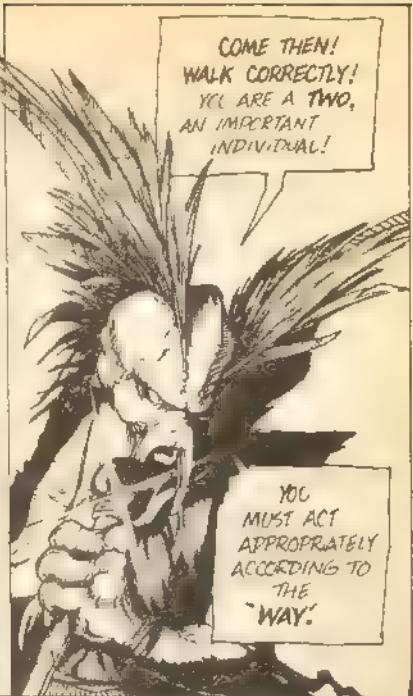
DO YOU SPEAK?

YES.

YOU MUST SAY
"YES PRECEPTOR
OF THE STORM
DAZZLE",
SUCH IS
THE FORM.




YES PRECEPTOR
OF THE
STORM DAZZLE.




COME THEN!
WALK CORRECTLY!
YOU ARE A TWO,
AN IMPORTANT
INDIVIDUAL!

YOU
MUST ACT
APPROPRIATELY
ACCORDING TO
THE
"WAY."



YES PRECEPTOR
OF THE
STORM DAZZLE.



YOU ALL
ADDRESS ME
AS
'PRECEPTOR
OF THE
DARK
CHILL.'



ONCE IN THE CITY, ERN WAS INTRODUCED TO ANOTHER PAIR OF ELEGANTLY GARBED TWOS' KNOWN AS THE PEDAGOGUE OF THE STORM DAZZLE AND THE PEDAGOGUE OF THE DARK CHILL...

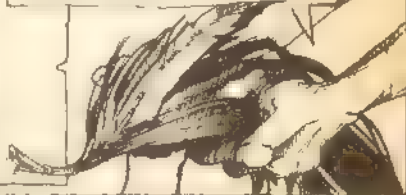


AGAIN THE BUMPS AND HUMMOCKS ON HIS HEAD WERE EXAMINED, ERN SUSPECTED THAT THE ONES USED DUPICITY IN ORDER TO SELL HIM TO THE TWOS...

THEY HAD SIMULATED TRYBLE RIDGES ACROSS HIS SCALP AND HE BEGAN TO BELIEVE HE WAS MERELY A PECULIAR VARIETY OF ONE...

THE SUBTLE "ICK" MADE HIM MORE UNEASY THAN EVER AND HE WAS RELIEVED WHEN THE PEDAGOGUES BROUGHT HIM A CAP TO COVER HIS SCALP ALONG WITH THEIR STRANGE ARMENT.

THE WAY REQUIRES THAT YOU STAND WITH BLACK TOWARD NIGHT AND SILVER TOWARD CHAOS IN LOW CEREMONIAL ACTIVITY...



IF A RITUAL OR OTHER URGENCY IMPEDES, REVERSE YOUR CAP.

YOU ARE SOMEWHAT MORE CRUDE AND GROSS THAN THE USUAL CADET. THE INJURY TO YOUR HEAD HAS AFFECTED YOUR CONDITION.



YOU WILL BE CAREFULLY SCHOOLED. AS OF THIS MOMENT CONSIDER YOURSELF A MENTAL VOID.

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED ERN STUDIED DILIGENTLY AND ACQUIRED KNOWLEDGE WITH A FACILITY WHICH WON HIM GRUDGING COMPLIMENTS.

WE INHABIT THE NARROW LAND...

WHEN HE SEEMED PROFICIENT IN PRIMARY METHODS, HE WAS INTRODUCED TO COSMOLOGY AND RELIGION.



IT EXTENDS FOREVER HOW CAN WE
ACCEPT IT WITH SUCH CONFIDENCE?
BECAUSE WE KNOW THAT THE STORM
VS TRY JESUS OF STORM AND DARK
SHALL BE Y-DIN WE ARE Y-NITE.
THEY'RE THE NARROW AND
THE RE-NITE INTERSECTION ON
LIFE-LIFE WAFERTE

WHAT EXISTS
BEHIND
THE
WALL OF STORM?

THERE IS 'BEHIND!' STORM
DARK IS ANT DAZZLES THE
DARK IS THE LIGHTNING IS
THE MASCULINE
TR. I.E. DARK CHILL THE
FEMALE ITN FILE IS. SHE
ACCEPTS THE SAME AND
FREES QUILLS IT!!

ERN?

THERE ARE NEITHER TWO MEN
NOR TWO WOMEN, WE ARE
BROUGHT INTO BEING BY DUAL
DIVINE INTERVENTION, WHEN
A TAO OF EGGS FROM A ONE
WOMAN'S CLUTCH ARE PUT
DOWN IN JUXTAPOSITION!

WE TWO'S FAR AHEAD OF EACH
OTHER AT EQUILIBRIUM
EXCELLENT.

IT WAS EVIDENT TO ERN THAT
QUESTIONS DISTURBED THE
PEDAGOGUE SO HE DESISTED.

YES, TETACOCLE
OF THE STORM
DAZZLE.

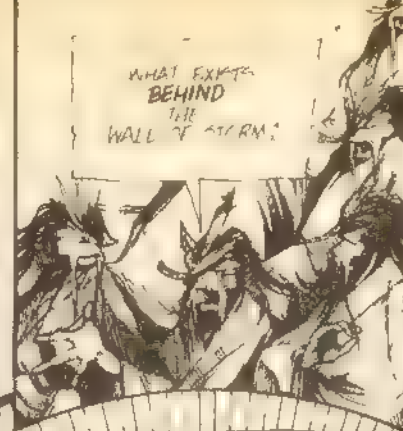
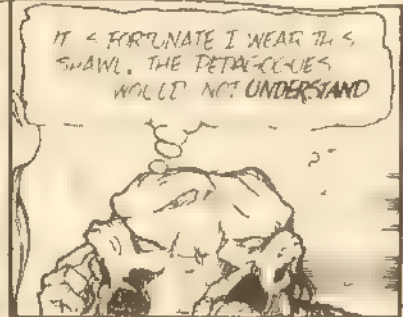
IF WE
WANT
TRYING
EGGS?

THROUGH ALTERNATION THESE ARE
ALWAYS MALE AND FEMALE AND WE
YIELD A DOUBLE INDIVIDUAL,
NEUTRAL AND DISPASSIONATE,
SYMBOLIZED BY THE PAIRED
CRANIAL RIDGES. ONE MEN AND
ONE WOMEN ARE INCOMPLETE,
FOREVER DRIVEN BY THE URGE
TO "COUPLE" ONLY FUSION YIELDS
THE TRUE TWO!

AND OTHER
WATERS TROUBLE ERN...

BUT ERN...
THE ATROPHIED
ORGANS & THE TUCK HIS
SEXUAL RHYTHM HAD DEVELOPED
NOTICEABLY

IT IS FORTUNATE I WEAR THIS
SHAWL, THE TETACOCLES
WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND



AND STILL OTHER MATTERS

PETAGOGUES OF STORM DAZZLE AND DARK CHILL,
HOW IS IT THAT WE HAVE DEVELOPED **SKILLS**?

THE MATTER IS IRRELEVANT!
WHAT IS, **IS**, AND BY THIS
TOKEN IS OPTIMUM!!

THE VERY FACT THAT YOU
HAVE FORMED THIS INQUIRY
BETRAYS A DISORGANIZED
MIND, MORE TYPICAL OF
A 'FREAK' THAN A TWO!

WHAT IS A
'FREAK'?

ONCE AGAIN YOUR MENTALITY TENDS TO
RANDOM ASSOCIATION AND DISCONTENT
WITH AUTHORITY!

RESPECTFULLY, PETAGOGUE OF
DARK CHILL, I WISH ONLY TO
LEARN THE NATURE OF **WRONG**,
SO I MAY DISTINGUISH IT
FROM **RIGHT**!

IT SUFFICES THAT YOU IMPIRE YOURSELF
WITH **RIGHT** WITH NO REFERENCE
WHATEVER TO **WRONG**!!

**SURPRISING
PERVERSITY!!**

YES, BUT FOR THE
EVIDENCE OF THE
CRANIAL RIDGES--

THOUGHTFULLY, ERN RETURNED TO HIS CUBICLE.

IN DUE COURSE A ONE GIRL HAPPENED BY. SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY HE SUMMONED HER INTO HIS CUBICLE AND MADE HIS WISHES KNOWN.

COULD A 'FREAK' POSSIBLY BE A MASCULINE TWO? IF SO THIS WOULD DEFINITELY EXPLAIN MY INTEREST IN THE ONE GIRLS.

BUT, YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE NEUTRAL. WHAT WILL EVERYONE THINK?!

NOTHING WHATEVER, IF THEY ARE UNAWARE OF THE SITUATION.

TRUE. BUT IS THE MATTER FEASIBLE? I AM A ONE AND YOU ARE A TWO--

THE MATTER MAY OR MAY NOT BE FEASIBLE; HOW WILL THE TRUTH BE KNOWN UNLESS IT IS ATTEMPTED, OR THOUGHTY NOTWITHSTANDING?

WELL THEN, AS YOU WILL...

MOMENTS LATER AS A 'MONITOR' INSPECTS THE CUBICLES--

WHAT-- WHAT GOES ON HERE?!

IT'S A-A FREAK! A FREAK! A FREAK! HERE AMONG US! A FREAK! TO ARMS! KILL THE FREAK!

FREAK! FREAK! FR-OOORF!

ONCE OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS BUILDING...

MINGLE WITH THE OTHERS, DENY EVERYTHING! I NOW FEEL THAT I MUST LEAVE!



THE HALBERDIERS OF THE CITY, INFORMED OF THE EMERGENCY WERE ARRAYING THEMSELVES IN FORMALLY APPROPRIATE GEAR, ERN TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE DELAY AND RAN TO THE NEARBY WOODS...



"FREAK!!
FREAK!!
FREAK!!"



SUDDENLY A MASSIVE STONE WALL, OVERGROWN WITH BLACK AND BROWN LICHEN, LOOMED BEFORE HIM.



ERN RAN STAGGERING AND WOBBLING ALONG THE WALL WITH THE HALBERDIERS CLOSE UPON HIM. HE COULD SEE NO WAY OF ESCAPE...

FREAK!
FREAK!

KILL THE
FREAK!

...UNTIL...



ERN WAITED DESPONDENTLY FOR DISCOVERY AND DEATH AS ONE OF THE HALBERDIERS VENTURED THROUGH THE WALL...



... ONLY TO GIVE A STARTLED GRUNT AND JUMP BACK.





WHY DO
THEY HUNT
YOU?

THEY CALLED ME
"FREAK" AND DROVE
ME FORTH...

FREAK!
YOU ARE A
TWO!

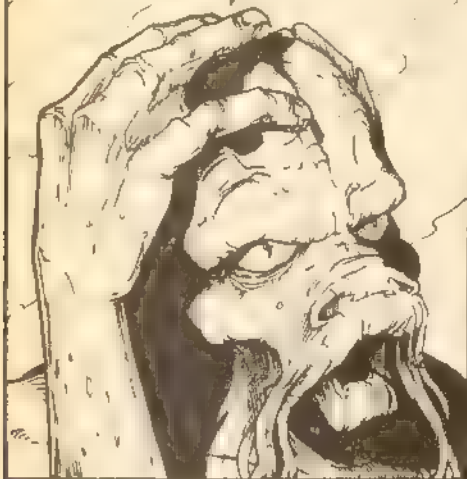


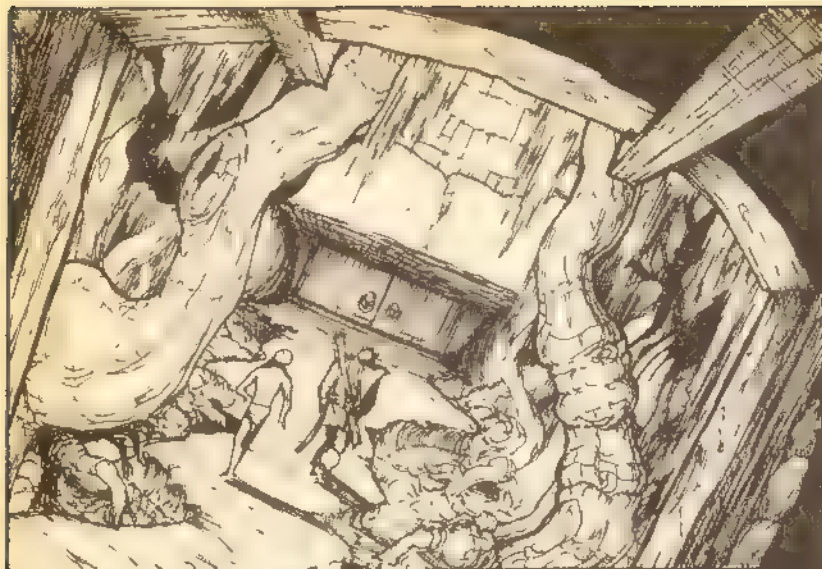
THE ONES CUT
MY HEAD TO
MAKE SCARS,
THEN SOLD ME
TO THE TWOS.



IT APPEARS THAT
I AM A **FREAK**
LIKE **YOURSELF**.

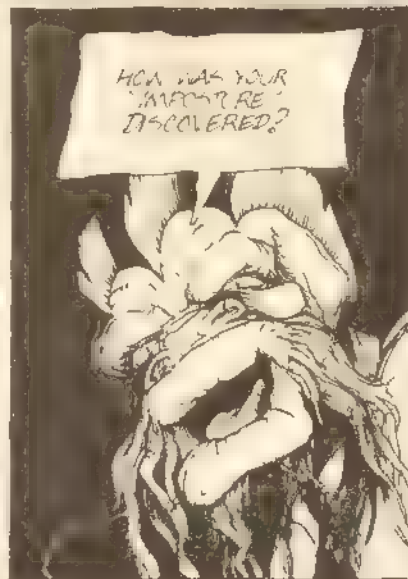
COME WITH
ME



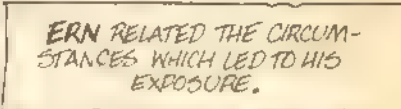


YOU ARE HUNGRY?

NO.



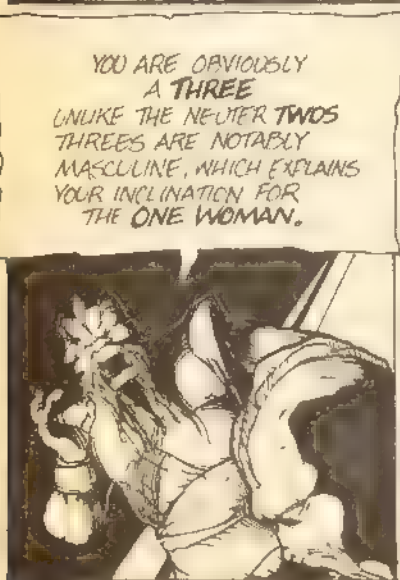
HOW WAS YOUR "MOMMY" RE-
DISCOVERED?



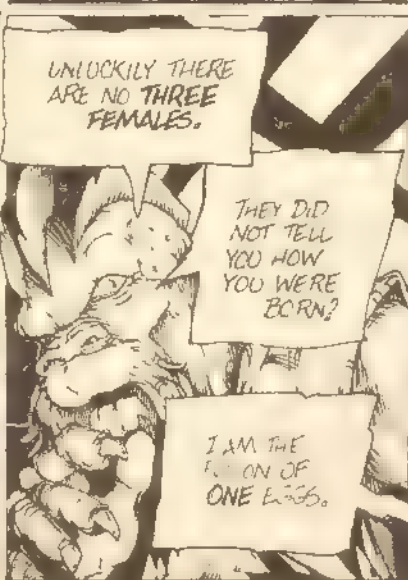
ERN RELATED THE CIRCUM-
STANCES WHICH LED TO HIS
EXPOSURE.



I HAD LONG
SUSPECTED I
WAS SOME-
THING OTHER
THAN A TWO.



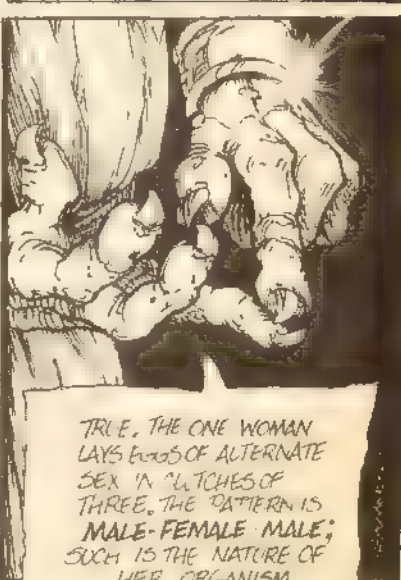
YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY
A **THREE**
UNLIKE THE NEUTER **TWOS**
THREES ARE NOTABLY
MASCULINE, WHICH EXPLAINS
YOUR INCLINATION FOR
THE **ONE WOMAN**.



UNLUCKILY THERE
ARE NO **THREE**
FEMALES.

THEY DID
NOT TELL
YOU HOW
YOU WERE
BORN?

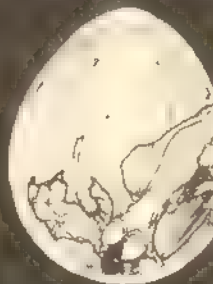
I AM THE
FUSION OF
ONE **EGG**.



TRUE. THE **ONE WOMAN**
LAYS EGGS OF ALTERNATE
SEX IN "LUTCHES OF
THREE." THE PATTERN IS
MALE-FEMALE-MALE;
SUCH IS THE NATURE OF
HER ORGANISM.



"IF YOU ARE CARELESS
THE WILL FAIL TO
SEPARATE THE EGGS
AND WILL PUT DOWN
A CLUTCH WITH
TWO EGGS
IN CONTACT."



"THE MALE
BREAKS INTO
THE FEMALE SHELL.
THERE IS FUSION:
A TWO
IS HATCHED."



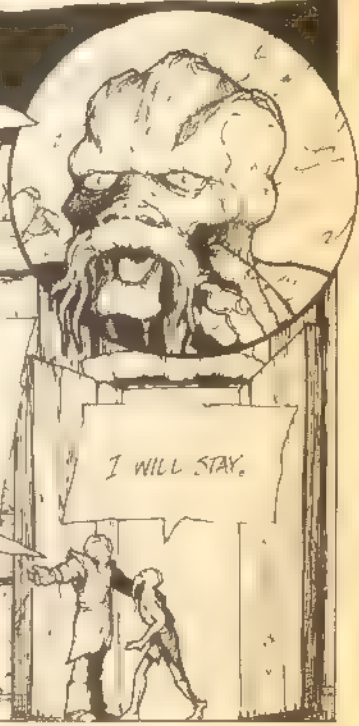
"AT THE RAREST OF INTERVALS
THREE EGGS ARE SO JOINED.
AFTER THE MALE FUSES WITH
THE FEMALE HE BREAKS INTO
THE FINAL EGG AND ASSIMILATES
THE OTHER MALE. THE RESULT
IS A MALE THREE."

YES! I WAS ALONE
I BROKE INTO THE
MALE-FEMALE SHELL.
WE FOUGHT AT LENGTH.

I AM NAMED
MAZAR
THE FINAL!
NOW THAT YOU
ARE HERE I CAN
BE KNOWN AS
'THE FINAL'
NO LONGER!

IF YOU CHOOSE TO
STAY I WILL TEACH
YOU WHAT I KNOW,
ALTHOUGH THE TWOS
WILL PRESENTLY
COME IN A GREAT ARMY
TO KILL US BOTH.

I WILL STAY.



THE TWO'S
HAVE KILLED
ALL -
ALL BUT
MAZAR THE FINAL.

AND
ERN!

AND NOW
ERN.

BUT WHAT OF
BEYOND THE
RIVERS ALONG
OTHER SHORES.
ARE THERE
NO
MORE
MEN?

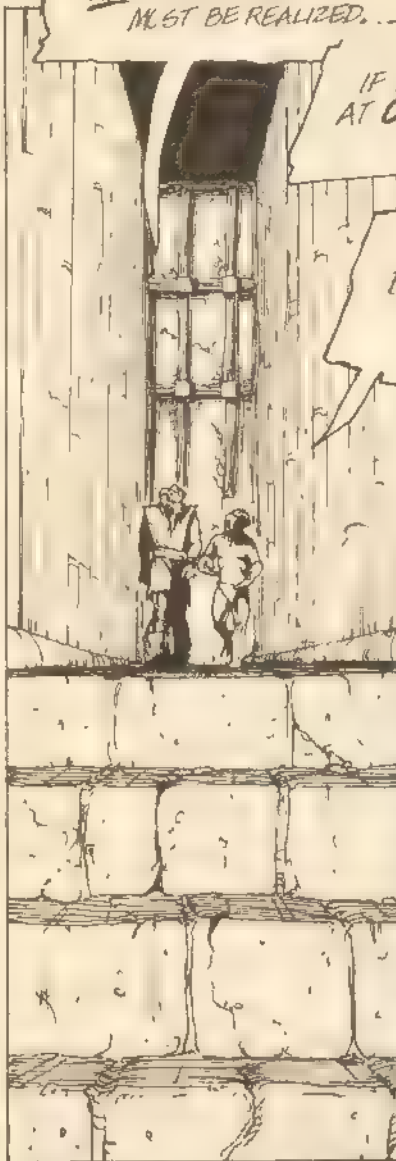
WHO
KNOWS?

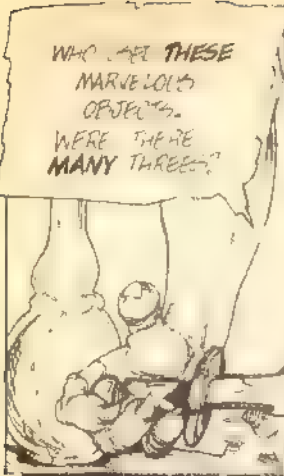
THE WALL OF STORM
CONFRONTS THE WALL
OF DARK; THE NARROW
LAND EXTENDS - HOW
FAR? IF TO INFINITY THEN
ALL POSSIBILITIES
MUST BE REALIZED.

IF THE NARROW LAND TERMINATES
AT CHAOS, THEN WE MAY BE ALONE.

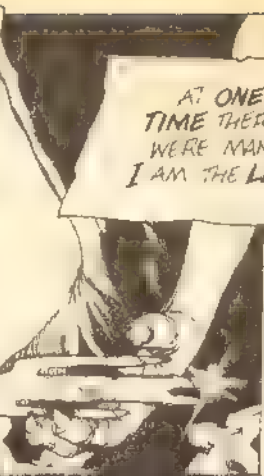
I HAVE TRAVELLED
BOTH WAYS UNTIL
WIDE RIVERS
STOPPED.

I BELIEVE
THAT IT MUST
EXTEND
TO INFINITY.







WHO ARE THESE
MARVELOUS
OBJECTS?
WERE THERE
MANY THREES?




AT ONE
TIME THERE
WERE MANY.
I AM THE LAST.



WHY WERE
THERE SO MANY
THEN AND SO
FEW NOW.



IT IS A MELANCHOLY TALE.



A ONE TRIBE LIVED ALONG THE
SHORE, WITH CUSTOMS DIFFERENT
FROM THE ONES OF THE SWAMP.
THEY WERE A GENTLE PEOPLE
RULED BY MENA THE ORIGIN
A THREE WHO HAD BEEN
BORN BY ACCIDENT.

HE CAUSED THE WOMEN TO
PRODUCE SLUTS, HE'S WITH EGGS
PURPOSELY JOINED, SO THAT
A LARGE NUMBER OF THREES
CAME INTO BEING.

IT WAS A GREAT ERA, WE
CREATED A NEW EXISTENCE.
WE BUILT THIS HALL AND
MANY MORE,

THE ONES AND
TWO'S BOTH
LEARNED FROM
1-2 AND PROMISED.

WHY
DID THEY
WAR
UPON
YOU?

BY OUR FREEDOM WE INCURRED
THEIR FEAR, WE SET OUT TO
EXPLORE THE NARROW LAND,
AN EXPEDITION PENETRATED
THE DARK CHILL TO A WILDERNESS
OF ICE, SO DARK THAT THE
EXPLORERS WALKED WITH
TORCHES.

WE BUILT A RAFT AND SET IT
TO DRIFT UNDER THE WALL OF
STORM. THERE WERE THREE
ONES ABOARD.

THE RAFT WAS THERE
WITH A LONG CABLE; WHEN WE
PULLED IT BACK THE ONES HAD
BEEN RIVEN BY DAZZLE AND
WERE DEAD.

BY THESE ACTS WE ENRAGED
THE TWO TREACHER, THEY
DECLARED US IMPIOUS AND
MARSHALLED THE ONES OF
THE SWAMP.

THEY MASSACRED THE
ONES OF THE SHORE.

THEN THEY MADE WAR ON
THE THREES. AMBUSH, POISON,
PITFALL: THEY SHOWED NO
MERCY. WE KILLED TWO'S;
THERE WERE ALWAYS MORE
TWO'S, BUT NEVER MORE
THREES.

I COULD TELL LONG TALES OF
THE WAR BUT ENOUGH FOR
NOW. GO WHERE YOU WILL
EXCEPT BEYOND THE WALL
WHERE THE TWO'S ARE
DANGEROUS.



TIME PASSED.

WHAT
DO YOU
THINK
NOW?

IF THERE WERE **THREE** WOMEN
WOULD THEY NOT PRODUCE
EGGS AND EVENTUALLY **THREE**
CHILDREN?

THERE ARE NO
THREE WOMEN.
THE PROCESS
ALLOWS NONE
TO FORM.

WHAT IF THE
PROCESS WERE
CONTROLLED?
IF SUFFICIENT
EGGS WERE
COLLECTED,
REARRANGED
AND JOINED
IN SOME
CASES THE
FEMALE
PRINCIPLE
WOULD
DOMINATE.

BECAUSE THERE ARE
TWO MALE EGGS TO
THE CLUTCH, WE ARE
MASCULINE. IF THERE
WERE **TWO** FEMALE
AND **ONE** MALE, OR **THREE**
FEMALE WHY SHOULD
NOT THE RESULT BE
FEMALE?

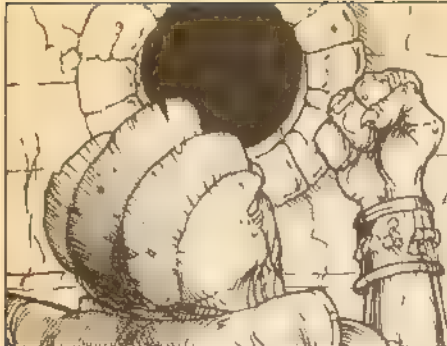
THE PROCESS IS
UNTHINKABLE!
I WILL
HEAR
NO
MORE!

AND WHAT
WILL YOU DO
THERE?

I WILL FIND EGGS
AND TRY TO HELP
A **THREE** WOMAN
INTO BEING.

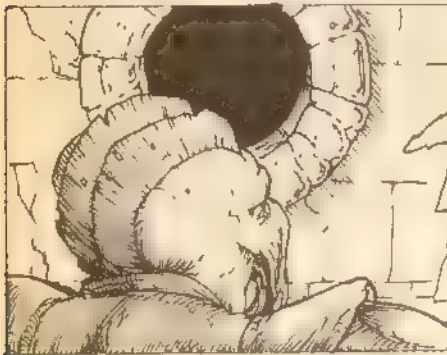
WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

TO THE
SWAMP.



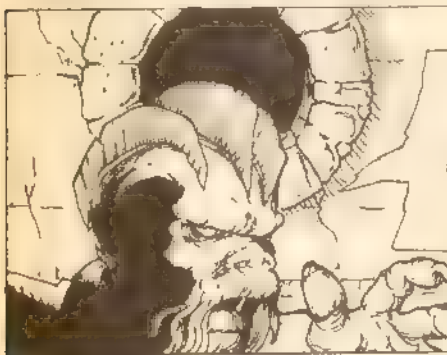
IF YOUR SCHEME IS
SOUND, ALL MY COMRADES
ARE DEAD IN VAIN!
EXISTENCE BECOMES
A **MOCKERY!**

PERHAPS NOTHING WILL
COME OF IT!



THE VENTURE IS
DANGEROUS!
THE TWO'S WILL BE
ALERT!

I HAVE NO **BETTER** USE
TO WHICH TO PUT MY **LIFE!**



GO THEN! I AM OLD
AND WITHOUT ENTERPRISE,
PERHAPS OUR RACE MAY **YET**
BE REGENERATED.



A LONG TIME PASSED,
OR SO IT SEEMED.



FREAK!
FREAK!
FREAK!





ONCEMORE IN THE HALL
MAZAR ARRANGED THE
EGGS ON A STONE
SETTLE.

IN THIS
CASE
I WOULD
URGE
CAUTION,

IS YOUR
WISDOM SO
MUCH MORE
PROFOUND
THAN MINE?



IF WE DO AS YOU PLAN
THERE WILL NECESSARILY
BE AN EXCESS OF
MALE EGGS.
IT IS A TEMPTATION TO
ATTEMPT THE FUSION
OF FOUR EGGS.



I WAS BORN IN THE
SHALLOWS AND
OUR GREATEST
ENEMY WAS AN
OGRE, LARGER THAN
YOU AND I TOGETHER.
UPON HIS HEAD STOOD FOUR CRESTS!

WE ARE THREE.
BEST THAT WE
PRODUCE OTHER
THREES...

WE'LL THEN
TO WORK.

THE EGGS LAY IN THE
COOL MUD THREE PACES
FROM THE WATER
OF THE POND.

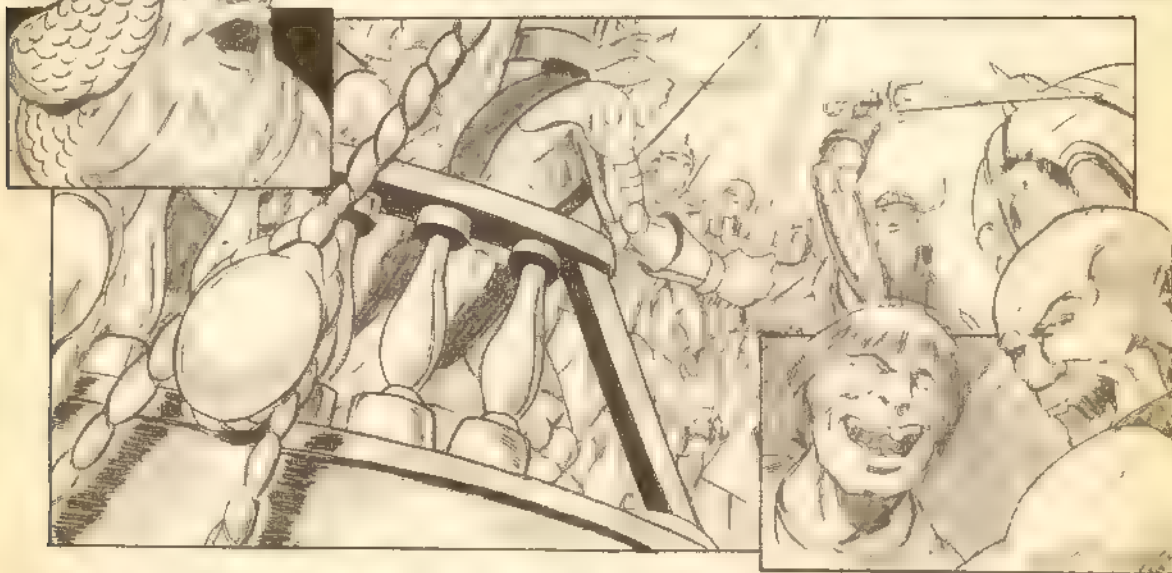
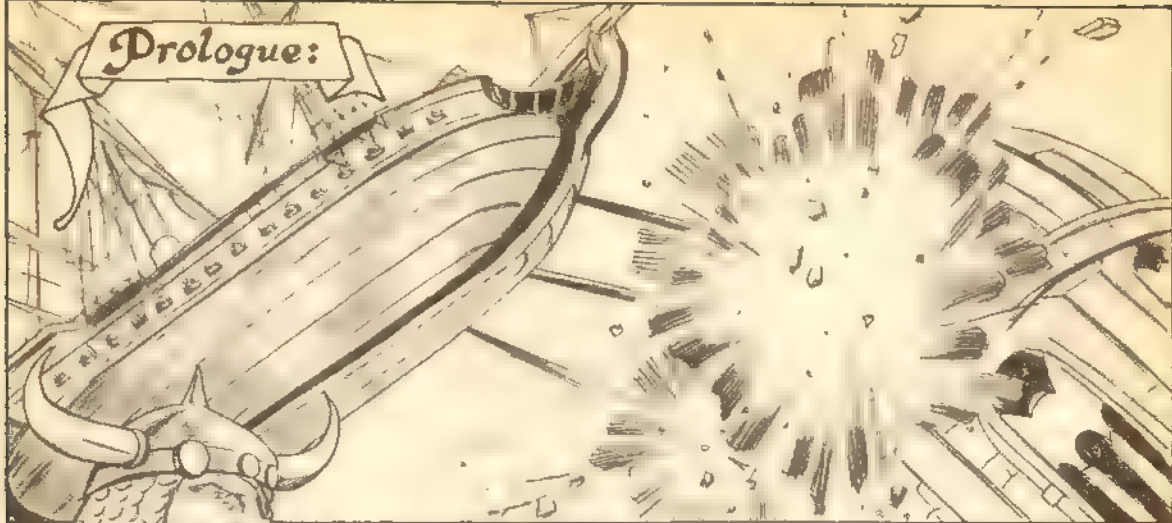
NOW, TO WAIT-
TO WAIT AND WONDER.

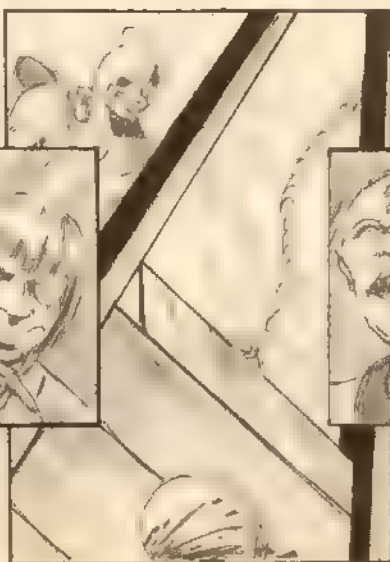
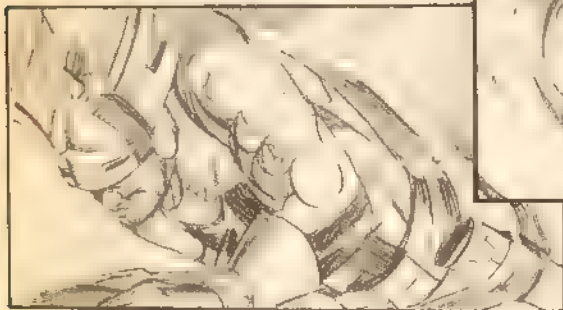
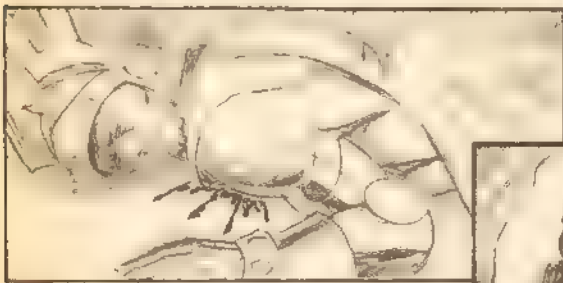
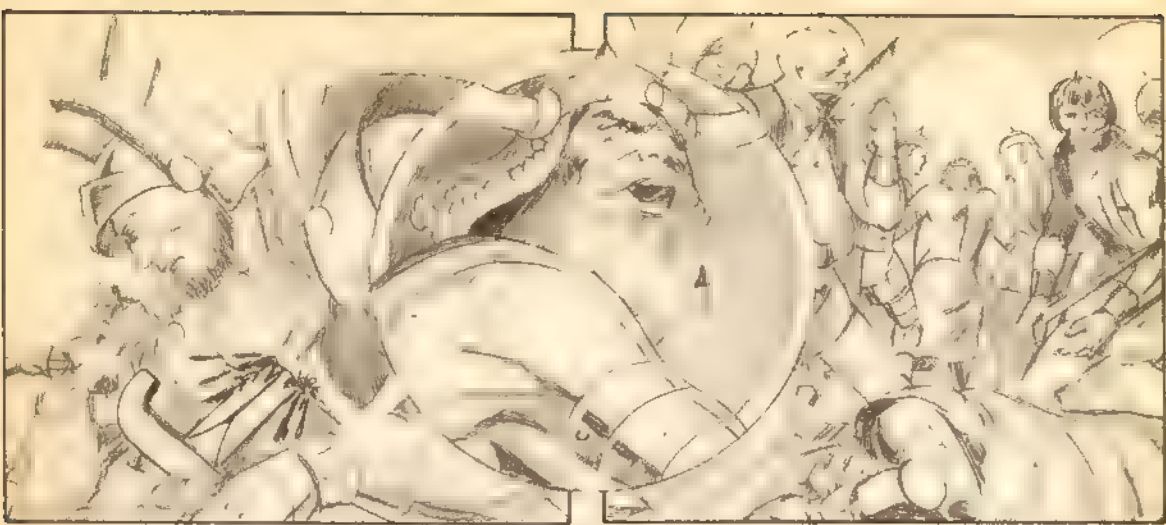
I WILL HELP THEM
SURVIVE. I WILL BRING
THEM FOOD AND KEEP
THEM SAFE. AND-IF
THEY ARE FEMALE...

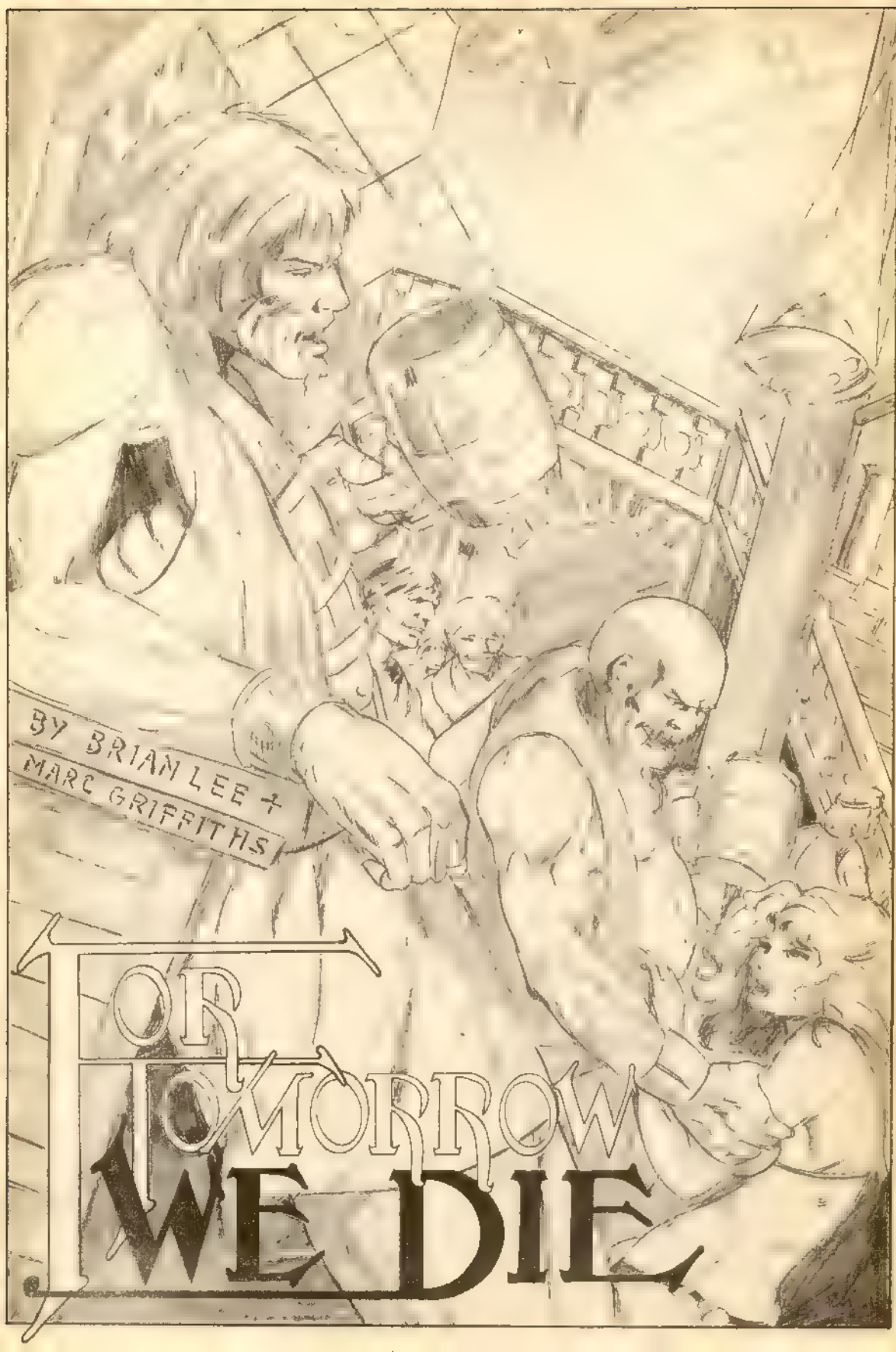
THERE WILL BE TWO
FEMALES. OF THIS I AM
CERTAIN. I AM OLD- BUT,
WELL, WE SHALL SEE.



Prologue:

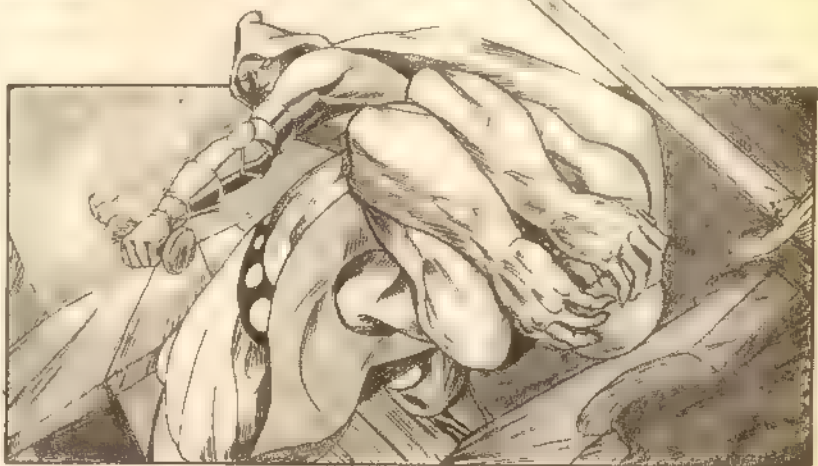
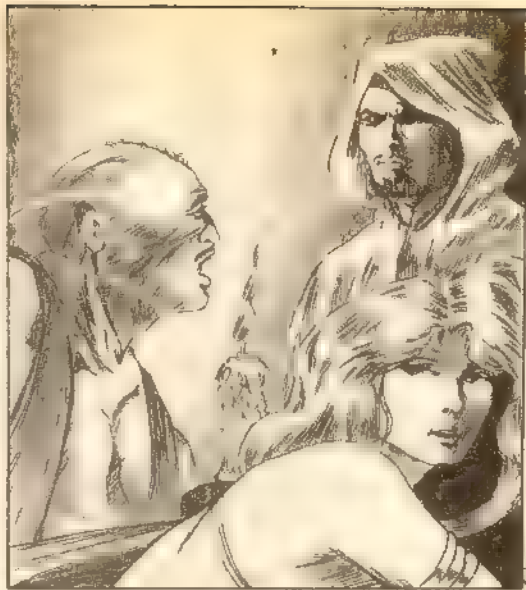
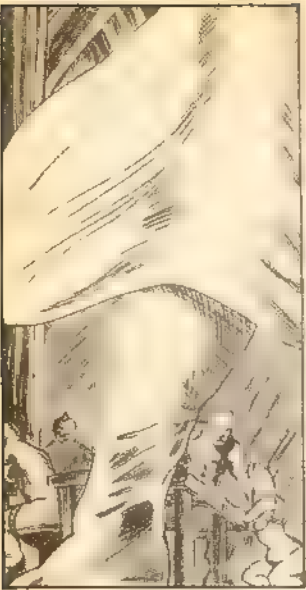


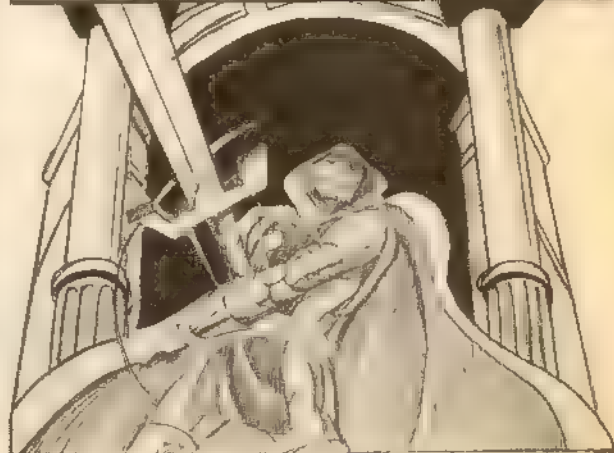
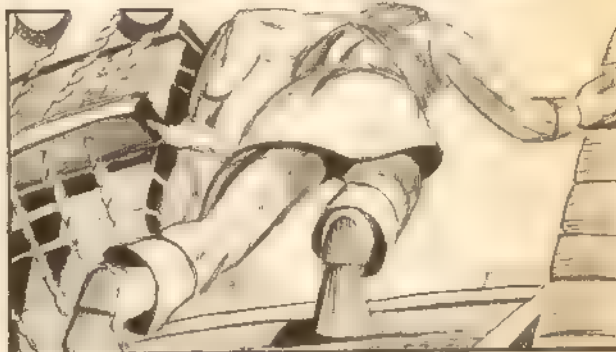
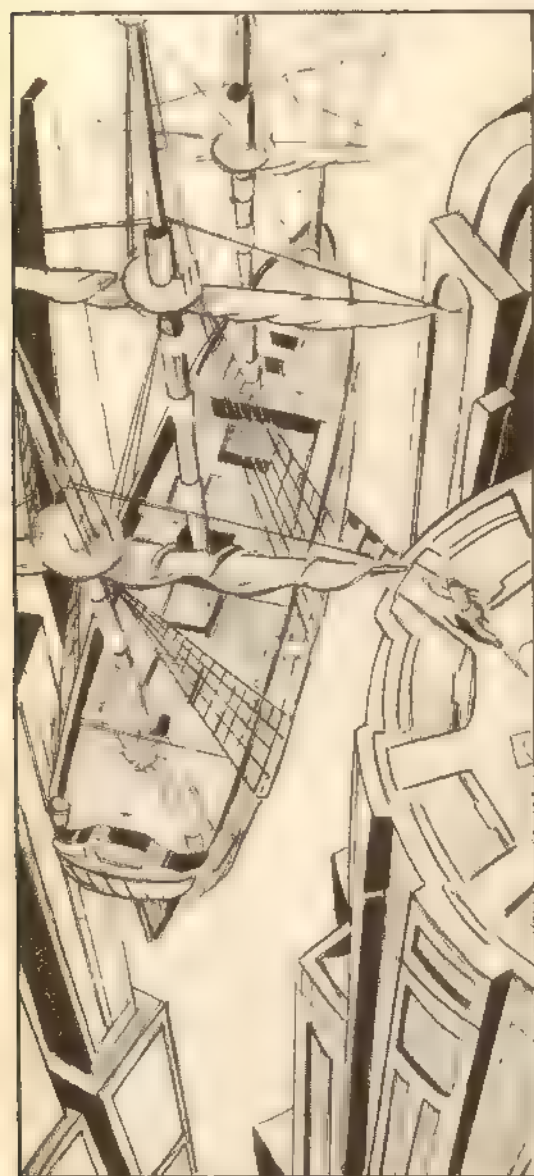
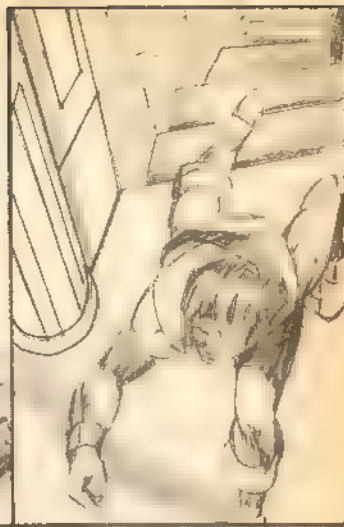


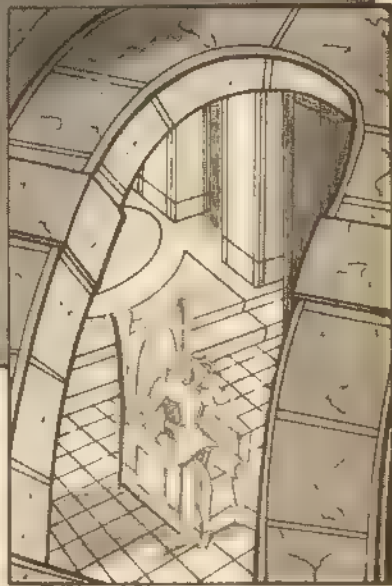
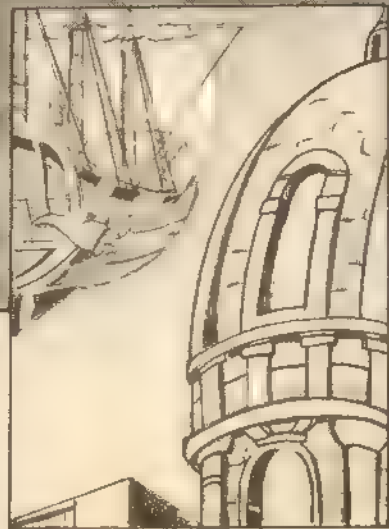
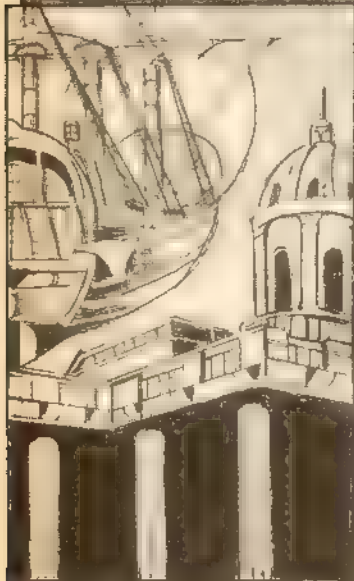
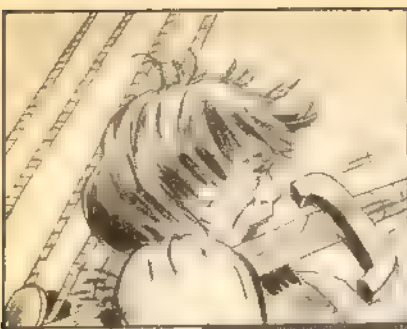


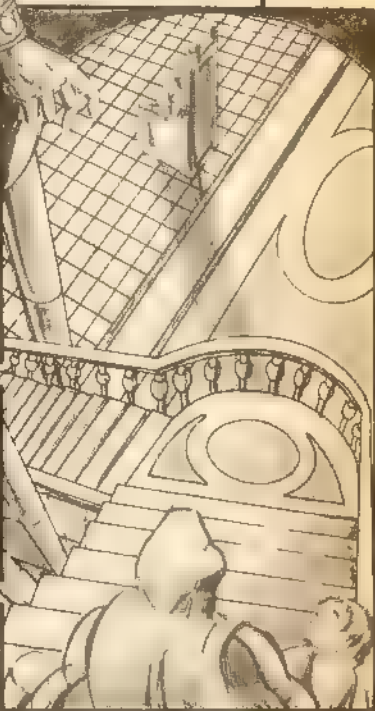
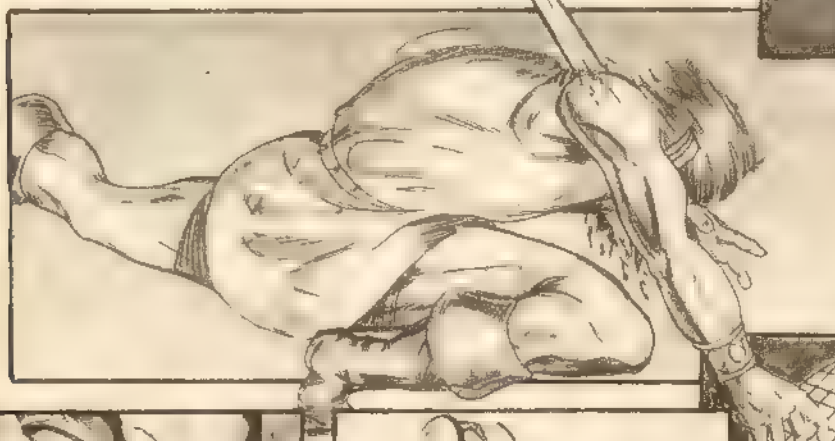
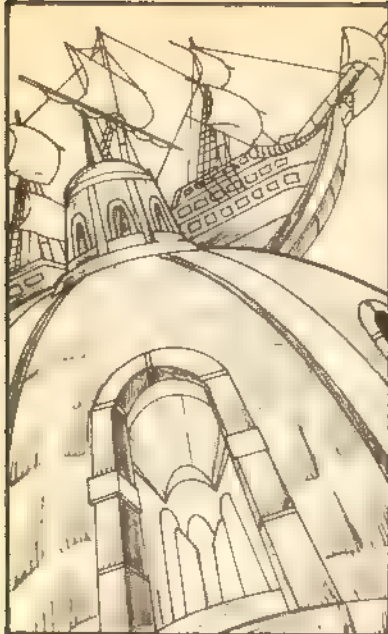
BY BRIAN LEE +
MARC GRIFFITHS

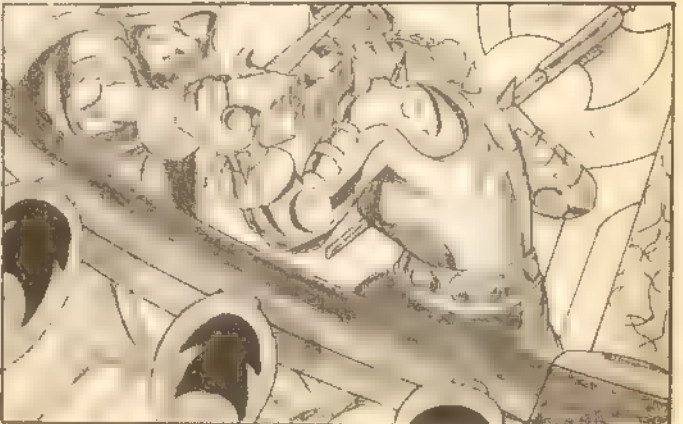
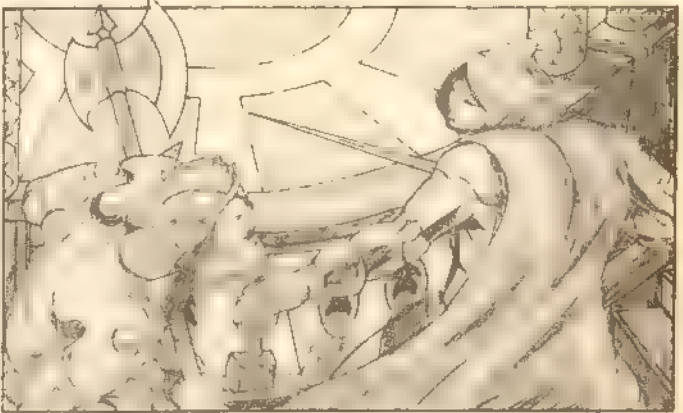
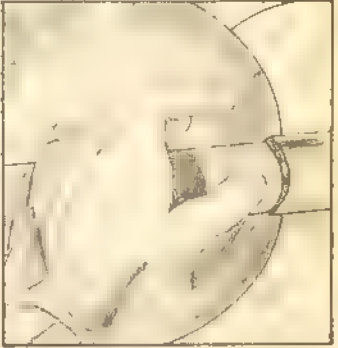
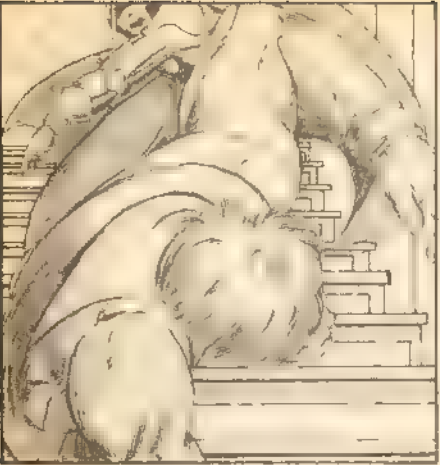
TOMORROW WE DIE

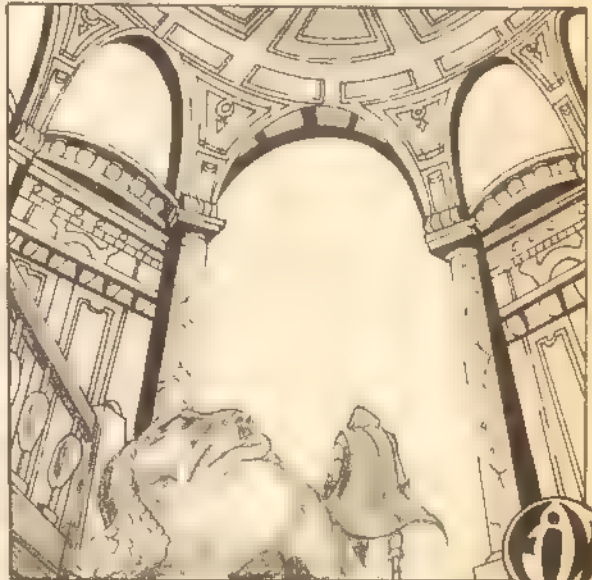
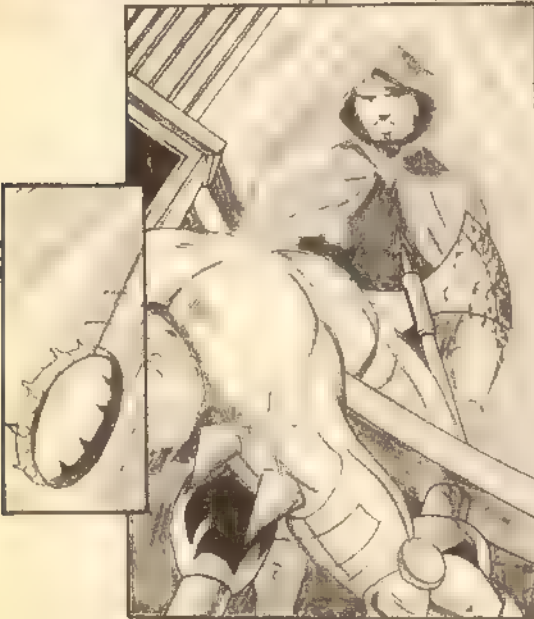
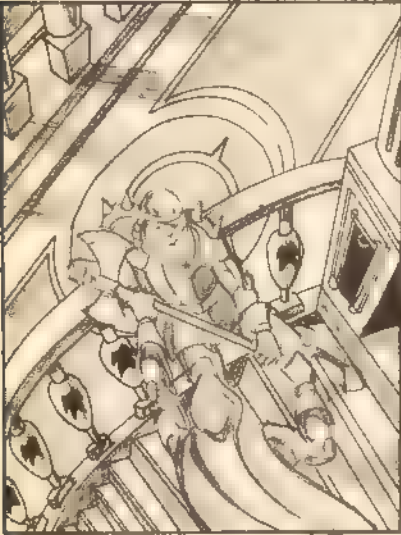
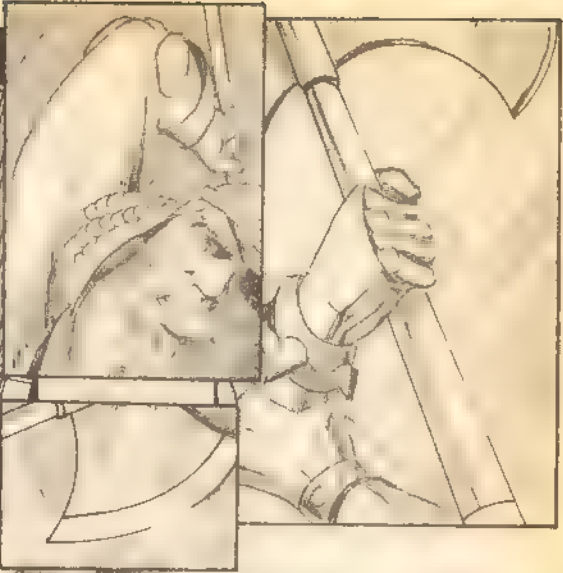
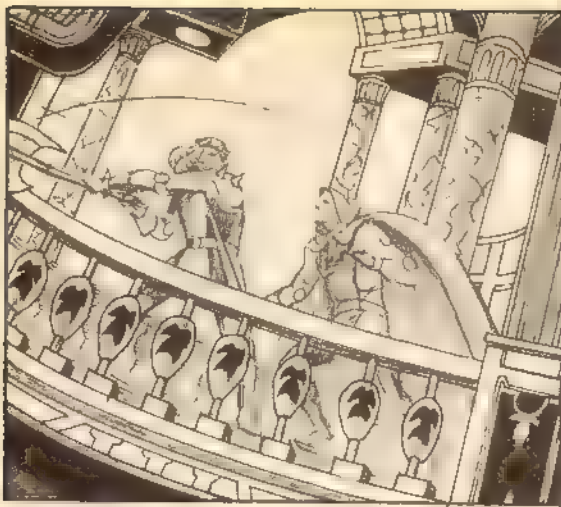












SPACE STUFF

by Tom Giff
ESB 11/13

PATROL POD 21
THAT'S COMPOS 5
PLEASE ACKNOWLEDGE!

WE'VE BEEN GETTING SOME REPORTS
OF SCATTERED TELEBIJIAN ACTIVITY
IN THE 'NYARK' DISTRICT OF THE
PLANET 'ER-UT' IN YOUR PATROL
AREA. JUST LIKE YOU TO CHECK
IT OUT. PROBABLY NOTHIN' SERIOUS

ROGER COMPOST 5, POD
21 HERE. WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND?

click!

ROGER COMPOST.
WILL DO.

BETTER KEEP YOUR SHIELDS
DOWN AT ALL TIMES
ONCE YOU'RE ON THE SURFACE
KID. SENSORS READ
'HEAVY TELEBIJIAN FALLOUT!'

OH YEAH! WE STILL GET THE
ODD ONE HERE AND THERE.
THE TRICK IS TO MOVE IN
FAST! BEFORE THEY CAUSE
TOO MUCH DAMAGE! THAT'S
WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR!

WOW! IMAGINE THAT! AFTER
ALL THESE YEARS, THERE
ARE STILL SOME SURVIVING!

ZIP

AND TO THINK THAT AT ONE TIME THEY LITERALLY INFESTED THE ENTIRE PLANET. GIVES ME THE "CREEPS!"



WELL ONCE YOU GET A LITTLE MORE EXPERIENCE IN HANDLING SITUATIONS LIKE THIS, YOU'LL GET TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE "LITTLE BUGGERS."



REALLY? LIKE WHAT?

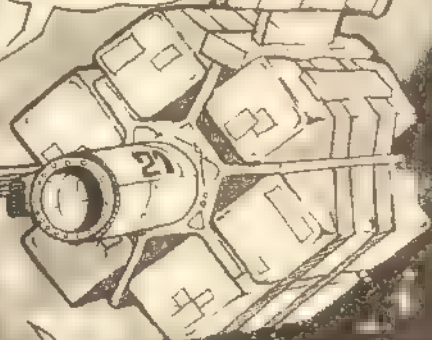
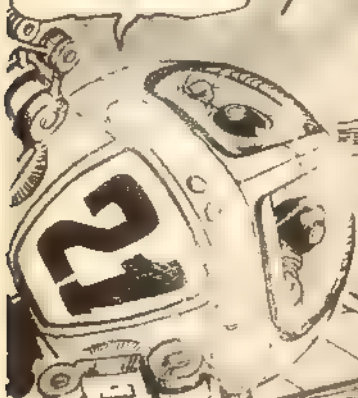
LIKE, WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T EVER LOOK THEM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE WITH YOUR SHIELDS DOWN! REMEMBER KID SHIELDS UP AT ALL TIMES!



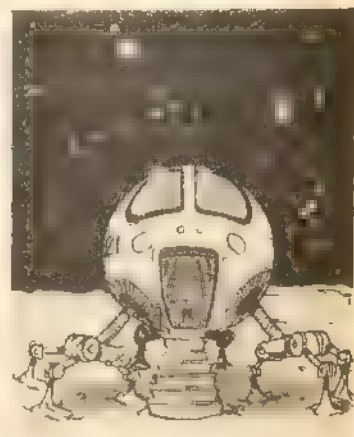
IS IT REALLY TRUE WHAT THEY SAID IN CADET SCHOOL, YOU KNOW, ABOUT THEM ONLY HAVING ONE EYE?

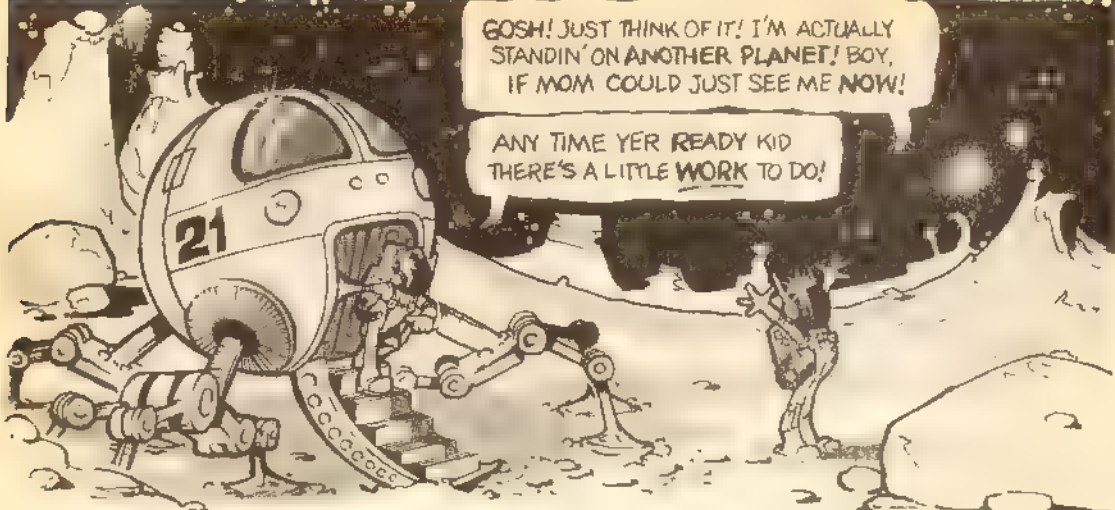
YEP, JUST ONE KID!

WOW! AND YOU'VE ACTUALLY SEEN THEM?



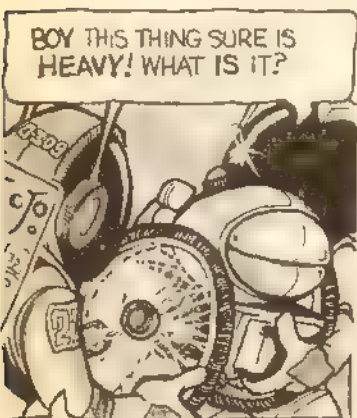
OH SURE! BUT DON'T WORRY KID YOU'LL GET USED TO THEM!





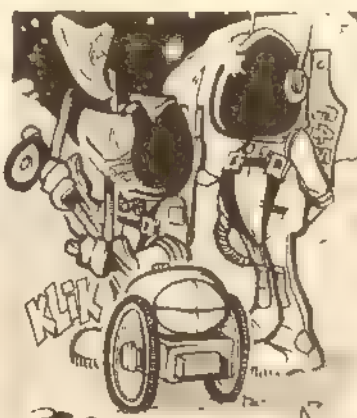
GOSH! JUST THINK OF IT! I'M ACTUALLY
STANDIN' ON ANOTHER PLANET! BOY,
IF MOM COULD JUST SEE ME NOW!

ANY TIME YER READY KID
THERE'S A LITTLE WORK TO DO!

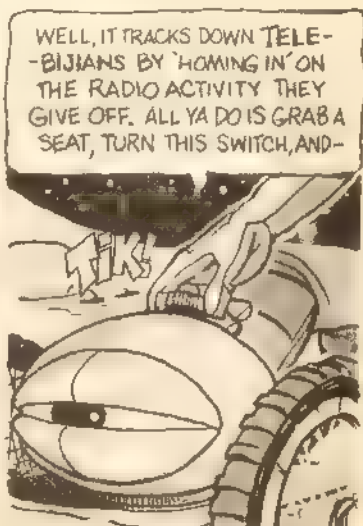


BOY THIS THING SURE IS
HEAVY! WHAT IS IT?

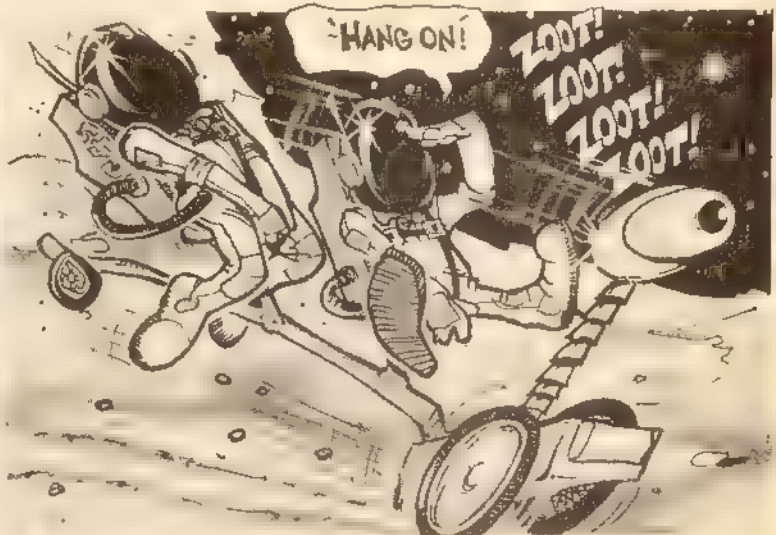
THIS HERE IS OUR LITTLE
NIMROD 407 UNIT!
HANDY LITTLE ITEM, YESIR!



OH YEAH? HOW
DOES IT WORK?



WELL, IT TRACKS DOWN TELE-
-BIJANS BY 'HOMING IN' ON
THE RADIO ACTIVITY THEY
GIVE OFF. ALL YA DO IS GRAB A
SEAT, TURN THIS SWITCH, AND-

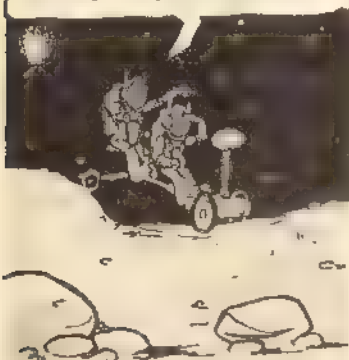


'HANG ON!

ZOOT!
ZOOT!
ZOOT!
ZOOT!

MINUTES LATER...

HEY, WHAT HAPPENED?
HOW COME WE STOPPED
ALL OF A SUDDEN?



OVER THERE KID...



"...AT THE TOP OF THAT
CRATER."



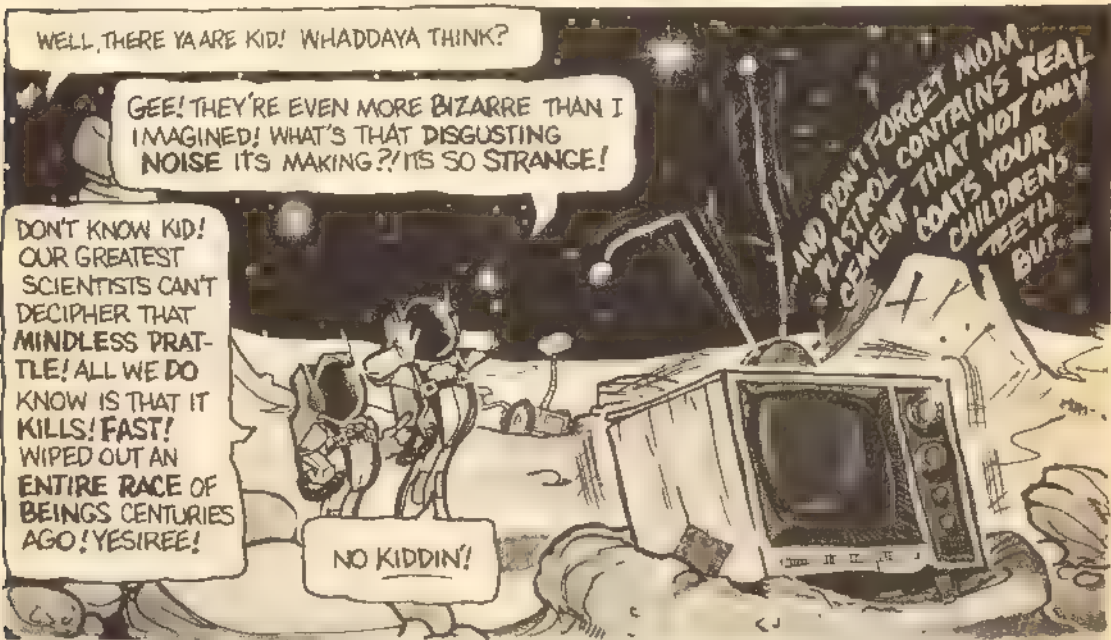
WELL, THERE YA ARE KID! WHADDAYA THINK?

GEE! THEY'RE EVEN MORE BIZARRE THAN I
IMAGINED! WHAT'S THAT DISGUSTING
NOISE IT'S MAKING?! IT'S SO STRANGE!

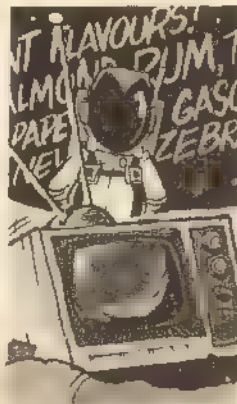
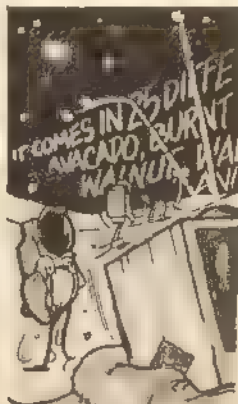
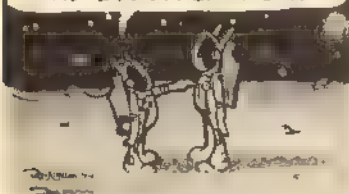
DON'T KNOW KID!
OUR GREATEST
SCIENTISTS CAN'T
DECIPHER THAT
MINDLESS PRAT-
TLE! ALL WE DO
KNOW IS THAT IT
KILLS! FAST!
WIPED OUT AN
ENTIRE RACE OF
BEINGS CENTURIES
AGO! YES! REE!

NO KIDDIN'!

AND DON'T FORGET MOM,
PLASTROL CONTAINS REAL
CEMENT THAT NOT ONLY
COATS YOUR
CHILDRENS
TEETH
BUT...



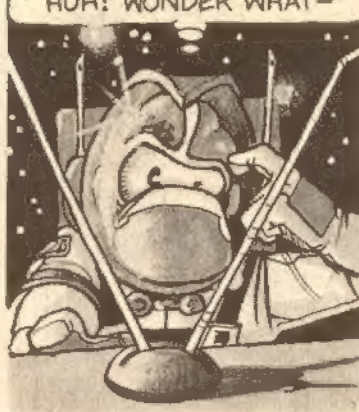
ANYWAY, ENOUGH 'CHIT CHAT',
WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO.
GOTTA DESTROY THIS ONE
FAST BEFORE IT STARTS TO
BREED! YOU KEEP AN EYE
ON 'IM WHILE I WARM UP
THE LASER CANNON!



SOME KINDA WRIT-
ING... CAN'T MAKE IT OUT.



AHHH! MUCH BETTER! LET'S
SEE NOW. SEZ BRT•CON.
HUH? WONDER WHAT -



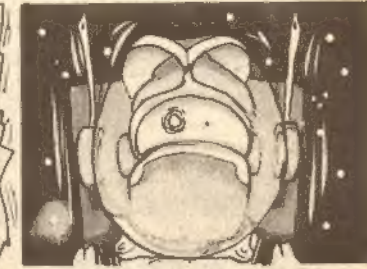
-HIDDEE HI THERE KIDS!
UNCLE ANDY HERE WITH
HANDY HYGEINE HINTS!
REMEMBER: KEEP YOUR
HANDS OUT OF YER MOUTH,
YOU NEVER KNOW WHERE
THEY'VE BEEN - **ÜRRK!**



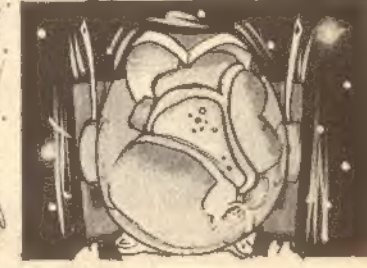
- IS YOUR BATHROOM
BOWL GETTING TO BE
TOO MUCH TO HANDLE?
WE'LL CLIMB OUT OF THAT
RUT, AND WISE UP TO **NU-BOL!**
WITH **NU-BOL**, CLEANING UP,
ISN'T A PAIN IN THE - **BZZIT!**



- TO FEEL THE WIND IN
YOUR HAIR AND THE SEA
SPRAY ON YOUR FACE. THAT'S
THE FEELING YOU GET WITH
'OLD SAILOR' AFTERSHAVE!
WHY NOT TAKE A **SIX-PAC**
HOME TOMORROW - **VRRT!**



- JUST ADD MILK AND
WATCH THE FUN BEGIN!
'LOONEY NURDS' STRIP
YOUR MIND OF ALL YOUR
INHIBITIONS, FOR THAT
EARLY MORNING BURN-
OUT WE ALL NEED! AND -



-BZZRT! SMART MOMS
USE **ATTACK** IN THEIR
WASH. WE TOOK THIS BLOOD
STAINED T-SHIRT FROM A
TWELVE CAR PILEUP-ZZZ!

- NOW BARBARA WILL
SHOW US -KZZK!- BE-
HIND THE CUR-PPPZT!
YES! IT'S A COMBINATION
TWELVE SP-ZZZZZT!-

VZZT!



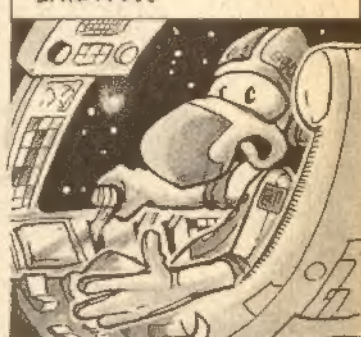
GOSH! THANKS COM-
MANDER! YOU-YOU
SAVED MY LIFE!!

I TOLD YOU HOW DANGEROUS IT
WAS TO STARE THEIR EYES WITH
YER SHIELDS DOWN! HOPE YOU
LEARNED A LESSON GREENHORN!



AND HOW!

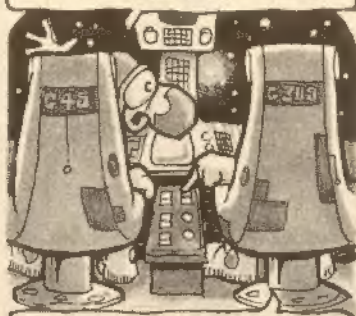
LATER ...



OH YEAH! BY THE WAY KID,
WHAT WAS IT LIKE, LOOKIN'
RIGHT INTO THE EYE OF THAT
THING? I'VE HEARD ABOUT-

IT WAS HORRIBLE! I WAS
FROZEN, COULDN'T MOVE!
AND I HAD THIS UNCONTROL-
LABLE URGE TO GO TO THE
REFRIGERATOR AND MAKE
MYSELF SOMETHING TO EAT!

HECK COMMANDER! DO
YA THINK THERE COULD
BE **ANY MORE** DOWN
THERE?!

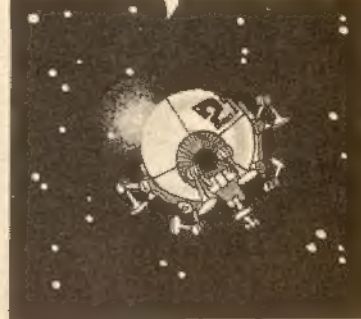


WHO KNOWS KID?
WHO REALLY KNOWS?

ALL WE CAN DO IS MAKE
SURE A MENACE LIKE THIS
DOESN'T SPREAD TO MORE
CIVILIZED PARTS OF THE
GALAXY, BUT THEN, THAT'S
WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR.



GOOD LORD!



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